Vol. CIV. No. 1352] [NOVEMBER 13, 1929 [Registered as a Newspaper

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The BYSTANDER

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4 out of 5

after 40, and many younger, sacrifice health to grim Pyorrhœa, poisoner of the blood-stream, forerunner of stomach trouble, rheumatism and neuritis.

when gums break down

Beauty, youthful charm, slip away so prematurely for many women *through neglected gums.* It is there ill-health starts. First they become pale and tender, then gradually poisons accumulate and get into the blood-stream. The result? It may be only indigestion, or a constant succession of minor ailments—colds, coughs, etc. — because your normal powers of resistance have been treacherously undermined. But also, it may be that this constant poisoning of the blood-stream will produce rheumatism, neuritis and really serious illness.

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Ill-health comes from *neglected gums*

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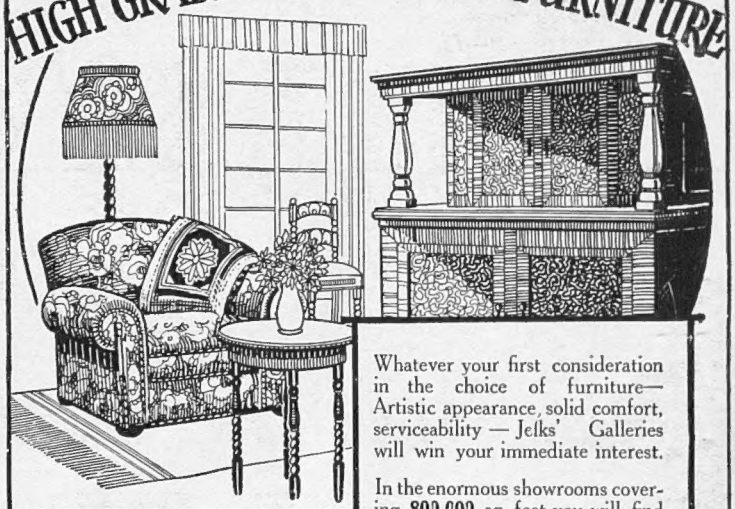

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The BYSTANDER

MISS NADINE WEISWEILLER

The charming daughter of Mr and Mrs Gustave Weisweiller who made her début during the Season. She is the niece of Sir Victor Sassoon who is so well known on the Turf.

Raphael

Born 1820 — Still going Strong

JOHN WALKER AND SONS LIMITED, SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK. SCOTLAND.

The Passing Hour

I FRANKLY admit that I am pleased to see the Socialists now undergoing an extremely rough passage. They deserve it. It is highly desirable, also, that their followers should realise—after the lies with which they were fed during the Election—how their leaders fail to produce the fairy wand with which to dispel the problem of unemployment, and should become aware of the stupid egotism of Mr. Wedgwood Benn in dealing with Indian affairs.

The City, staggered by recent events, battered by Wall Street, was completely bewildered by the Chancellor's surprise Conversion Loan. It surely could not have delayed Mr. Thomas's plans, since Mr. Snowden has said the money is not to be used for them, had the issue of the loan been postponed until January, when conditions in the City should be more normal.

Mr. Snowden has certainly chosen to take a dive with all the water out of the swimming bath. Our politicians are an expensive luxury.

SUNSHINE FOR A SHILLING

Was one of the few Utopian blessings *not* included in the Socialist Party's election programme, but you can make sure of getting it simply by purchasing next week's BYSTANDER, which is a special

DOUBLE RIVIERA NUMBER.

The sunshine and warmth of the Côte d'Azur are reflected in the pages of special articles and pictures with which it is packed, and all the latest activities of its chief centres will be found as well as

ALL THE USUAL FEATURES

Yet the price will be only

ONE SHILLING.

Out next Wednesday

Mussolini Beats the Drum

WHILE Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover have been playing fortissimo on the Harp of Peace, Signor Mussolini has been beating a somewhat discordant note on a big and belligerent drum. All Sir Austen Chamberlain's talks with him, together with such pretty photographs, both of them looking a little incongruous in yachting caps, have not resulted in calming Signor Mussolini's private volcano of fiery nationalism. "The cult of victory," he said last week at Rome, "has been drowned in other countries in a vacuous, pacifist literature. Only in Italy does it survive." And he went on to say that there was too much talk of peace nowadays, but the talk would not lead Italy astray, for no one was really and frankly disarming. Well, Mussolini is at least a man of courage, and, better still, he not only knows what he wants but gets it.

Marriage of the Duke of Devonshire's Daughter

THE end of the month will see one of the more important weddings of the year, that between Lady Anne Cavendish and Mr. Henry Hunloke, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on November 28. Lady Anne is a tall, beautiful girl, the youngest and, incidentally, the only one of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's daughters unmarried.

She is a courageous rider to hounds and an exceptionally pretty skater. Her fiancé is the son of Major Sir Philip Hunloke, Groom-in-Waiting to the King and Master of the King's yacht. He is on the Stock Exchange.

A new portrait of the Duke has just been hung in the Cavendish Club, of which he was one of the founders. It is by Mr. Ernest Newling, and I am told that during this month members have the privilege of admitting ladies on to the premises in order to see it. Otherwise, the Cavendish, like the Reform Club, never permits ladies beyond the precincts of its entrance hall, where they are closely watched by the disapproving eyes of the page boys.

Topical

Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg and his fiancée, Miss Frances Doble, the well-known actress, at the opening meet of the Eridge, which was held at Eridge Castle. Miss Doble was recently playing lead in "The Chinese Bungalow," at the Duke of York's Theatre

IN THE WORLD OF ART

A Brilliant Portrait of Lady Carnarvon

THIS is an age of youthful exuberance, of prodigies and juvenile brilliance, of Yehudi Menuhins and Jackie Coogans. Indeed, when notoriety is three parts success it is almost too late to open an artistic innings in the teens. Mr. Simon Elwes, the portrait painter, had the fortune to strike such a lucky seam when, some years ago, his picture of Lady Lettice Lygon was accepted by the Academy. Now he is twenty-seven and has put the outcome of the intervening years into an exhibition at the Alpine Club Gallery.

It is a veritable panorama of Society, and though well painted the pictures indubitably gain a more personal interest in that they are mostly portraits of such charming and distinguished persons as Lady Violet Benson, the Countess of Carnarvon, the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Weymouth.

Miss Phyllis Waithman, the daughter of Lt.-Colonel R. H. Waithman, D.S.O., and Mrs. Waithman, whose marriage to Mr. Andrew Armstrong will take place shortly. They are to be married in the near future on Ocean Island, Central Pacific

Lenare

Even had they been of nonentities I feel that his pictures of the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Carnarvon would be esteemed in this particular class of work. Particularly that of Lady Carnarvon, which is painted, except for the flesh tints, almost entirely in gradations of white with a white frock against a white background.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin receiving the delegates at at the Kingsway Hall last week.

To See Themselves "Hung"

MANY who had been painted by Mr. Elwes came to see their portraits hung at the private view of the exhibition, so that one had first-hand evidence of how well the painter had achieved a likeness. Viscount Elibank in Highland dress gazed down upon Lord and Lady Elibank, and Lady Violet Benson seated looked out at Lady Violet Benson standing.

Lady Rodd, with Lady Melchett, came to see the picture of her husband, Sir Rennell Rodd. Their daughter is now Mrs. Simon Elwes, and there was also the beautiful Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, whose unfinished portrait occupies the main position in the gallery; and, naturally, the artist's mother, Lady Winefride Elwes, remained throughout the afternoon.

Miss D. Hart-Davis (seated), Miss V. Tankerville-field and Miss K. Fordham making up as ragamuffins to Institute of Medical Psychology. The Ball, which took place proved a great

POLITICIANS BACK IN HARNESS

Central Press

the annual conference of the Junior Imperial League

Ian Smith

Lady Alice Scott, the daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, and a well-known figure in the hunting field. She is going out to East Africa to join her uncle, Lord Francis Scott, who has a ranch in Kenya Colony

Express Photo

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill photographed on their return to London after their Canadian trip. Mr. Churchill is one of the most virile and forceful men in Parliament and his presence in the House will strengthen a somewhat apathetic Opposition

Saga of the Elwes Family

THE late Gervase Elwes must still be remembered as one of the finest oratorio singers of this decade. He was killed by a moving train at Boston about eight years ago.

Express Photo

Chamberlaine (left), Miss Hulton, Miss M. Wing-collect money at the Guy Fawkes Ball in aid of the at Grosvenor House, was very well supported and success

He was not always a singer, for when he left Oxford he joined the Diplomatic Service and was honorary attaché at Munich, Vienna and Brussels, and it was only when he was thirty-seven that he exchanged diplomacy for the concert platform. He married the sister of the Earl of Denbigh, was the most popular and hospitable of men and a fervent Roman Catholic; his brother, Dr. Carey-Elwes, is the Roman Catholic Bishop of Northampton.

He died leaving six sons and two daughters and the not inconsiderable fortune of some £160,000. His eldest son, Major Geoffrey Elwes, inherited Billing Hall, Northamptonshire, and of his other sons—and having embarked on the genealogy of this distinguished family, I might as well complete it—Rudolph Elwes is in business, Guy Elwes married a niece of the Marchioness of Bristol, Valentine Elwes has become a Carthusian monk, Richard Elwes is a barrister and married the

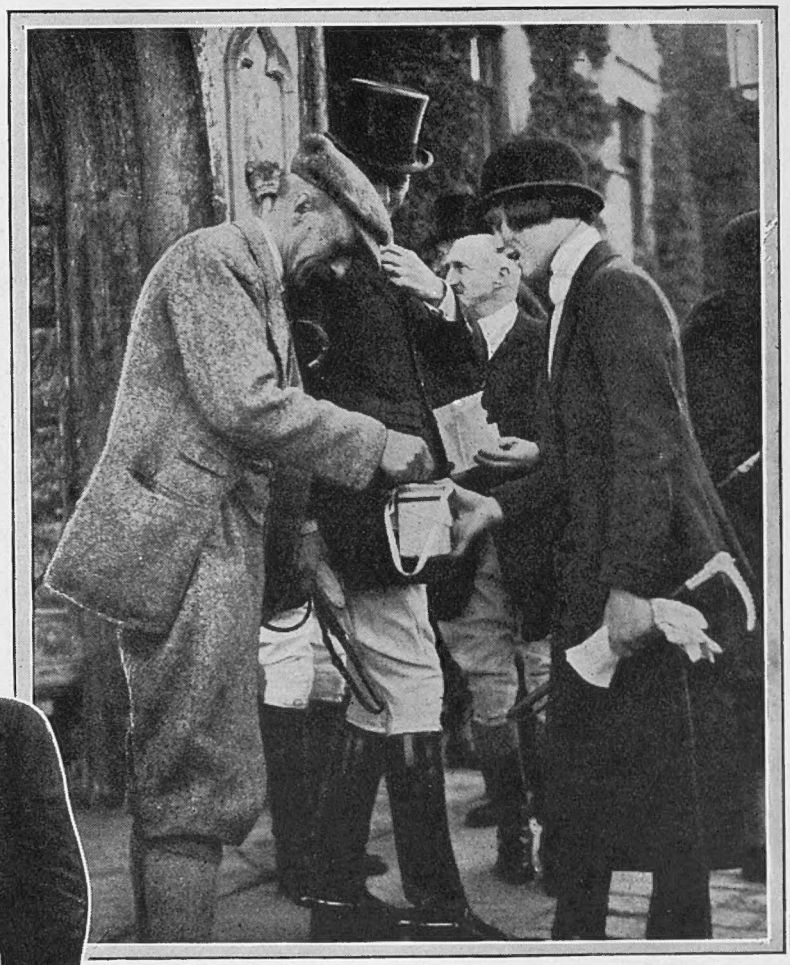
daughter of the late Sir Mark Sykes, and of Simon Elwes I have already written; whilst of his two sisters, Clare and Margaret, both of whom came to their brother's exhibition, Miss Margaret Elwes is both beautiful, talented and an actress, playing until recently in *La Vie Parisienne*. So now when one or other of the Elwes is mentioned you may go some way to avoid confusing them.

Mr. Harry Melvill in the Abstract

WHEN one is painted by the less revolutionary type of artist there is at least every chance of being recognised, but submit to an extreme modern and he may paint just the back of your head and leave it at that; not, however, that I am entirely out of sympathy with any such revolt against the camera's perfection.

Looking at a portrait of that debonair boulevardier—if he will allow the description—Mr. Harry Melvill, at the Redfern Galleries, I sighed for the somewhat brusque treatment he had received at the hand of the painter. It was recognisable, and clever work, but so uncharacteristic of the dapper dilettante. It should have been painted in the abstract, a small, slight figure disappearing down an endless vista of Piccadilly. I feel sure that is how Mr. Richard Sickert would have painted it. There is also a portrait of Miss Norah Holt, the negress with auburn hair, who sings songs at the piano, but there was little of her slick and sleek appearance such as I saw at Lady Carisbrooke's cocktail party two days before.

She sang before such discerning critics as Lord Melchett, Lady Lavery, Lady Georgina Curzon and the keen scrutiny of Lady Weymouth's brother,



News Illustrations

Lady Fiona Pratt, Lord Camden's younger daughter, capping members of the Eridge on behalf of Earl Haig's Fund. The photograph was taken at the opening meet, which was held at Eridge Castle

L.N.A.

Miss Robina Maughan, the film actress, about to start off with Mr. Young's "Bob" to collect for the Ex-Services Welfare Society, of which Sir Frederick Milner is President. "Bob," who is one of the largest Great Danes in the country, is seen wearing special collecting boxes

Skating is enjoying a great vogue this year and Society has taken up the pastime with enthusiasm. Here is seen Miss Helen McKie's impression of the splendid ice rink at Grosvenor House, a happy hunting ground of the skater whether tyro or expert

THE PRINCE'S FORTHCOMING AFRICAN TRIP

Mr. Anthony Vivian, who has reversed the usual order of going on the stage by going behind the scenes for a livelihood. He has become assistant-manager for the production of *The Student Prince* at the Piccadilly Theatre.

Midnight Hoop-la! at Grosvenor House

IT is an accepted axiom that if you want to get donations for Charity you must give people a run for their money. One of the best runs I have participated in was the Hoop-la! introduced to Lady Erleigh's Guy Fawkes Ball at Grosvenor House. I had to fall into a queue to get a throw at all, and by the time I had bought the hoops most of the prizes had gone, and they were such highly desirable prizes.

Let me give an example:

A return flight to Brussels.

Free membership of Ciro's for a year.

A free permanent wave.

One pound of chocolates weekly for four weeks.

Dinner-dance at the Hotel Cecil.

Assistance — clerical! — with your income-tax for a year.

Little wonder that the hoops fairly bowled away. Later I witnessed the absolutely astonishing transformation of London's youth and beauty into begrimed and bedraggled ragamuffins.

I should hardly have believed it possible that such attractive girls as Deirdre Hart Davis, Una Maclaren, Betty Hulton, and many others, could have made such realistic "guys" of themselves as they did in order to further Lady Erleigh's appeal. It was the most praiseworthy and, in one respect, perilous self-sacrifice.

The Prince to Resume his Safari

THE news that the Prince of Wales is leaving for Africa in January has not come as a surprise to our readers, for THE BYSTANDER foreshadowed the likelihood of his returning there this winter. Among his intimate friends it has been known for a long time that he was anxious to resume his interrupted trip if the King's health permitted.

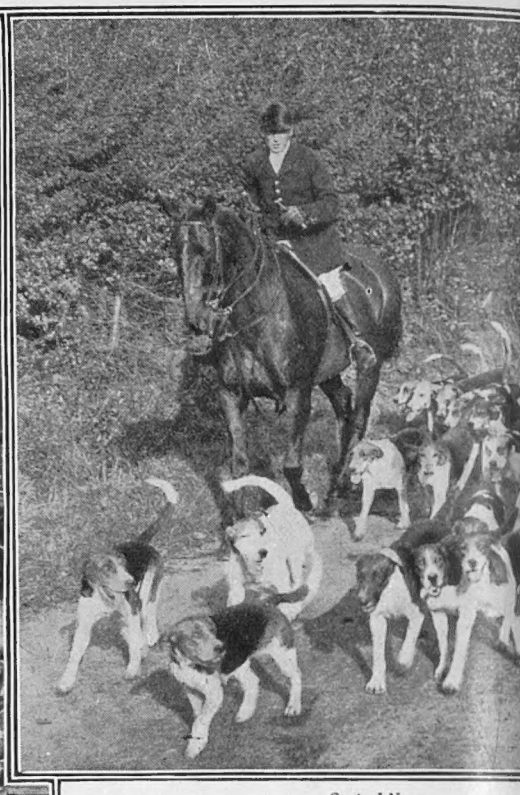
Keystone

Miss Mollie Gourlay (left) and Mrs. Atherton on their way to the 11th tee during the Open Mixed Foursomes Medal Golf Competition held at Wentworth

HUNTING OPENS IN GLORIOUS

L.N.A.

A general view of the opening meet of the Fernie Hounds held at Crumley Hall, Crumley, the residence of Mrs. Murray Smith. A very big field turned out to follow hounds



Central News

The field moving off at the opening meet of the Essex. It took place at Downham in glorious weather

L.N.A.

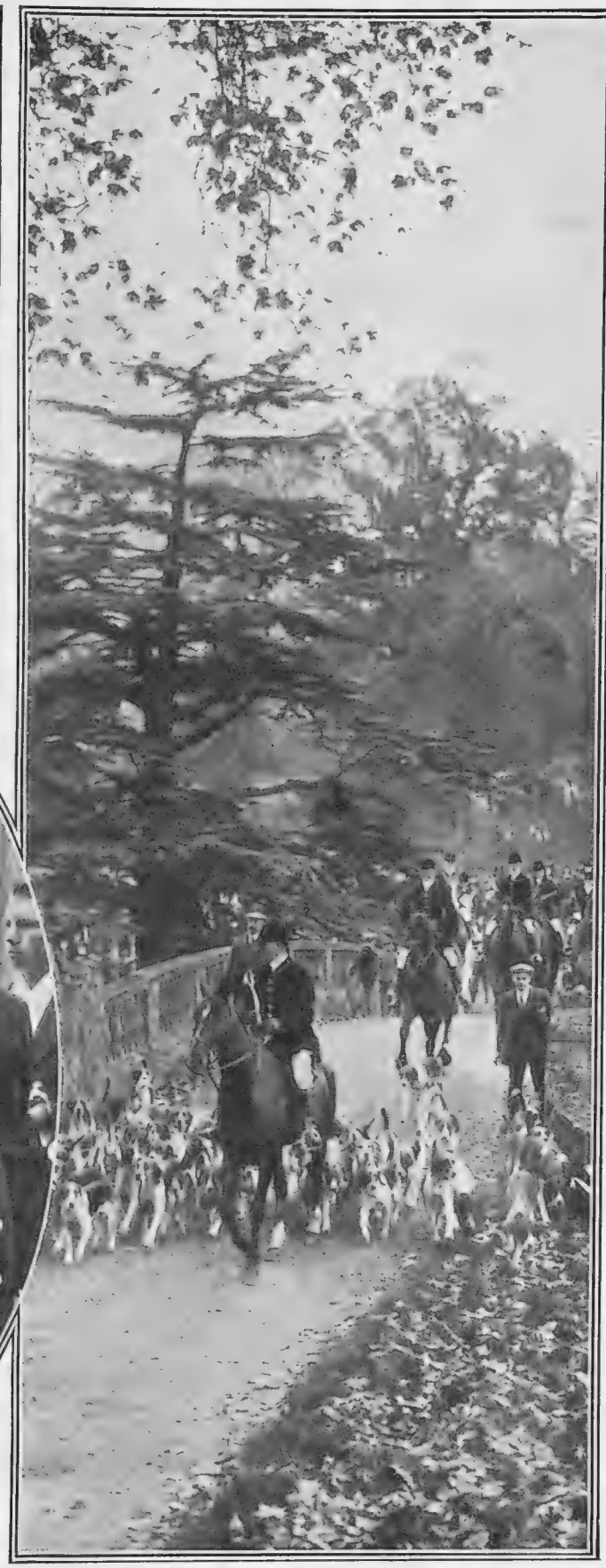
Lord Beatty, who is a very keen rider to hounds, is here seen at the opening meet of the Fernie

Central News

Col. F. G. Barker, C.B.E., the Master (on right), leading the field off after the opening meet of the Garth Hunt, at Haines Hill, Berks. The Garth, which is one of the oldest hunts in England, dates from 1790, and covers some four hundred square miles of country in Berks, Hants and Surrey

WEATHER: SOME LEADING HUNTS'

E. Cox, the Huntsman of the Warwickshire, finds an added joy to the great sport while sampling a stirrup-cup at the opening meet, held at Compton Verney. The Joint-Masters are Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. C. I. Smith Ryland



Sport and General

The opening meet of the Warwickshire was held at Lord Manton's residence, Compton Verney, in glorious weather. The field is here seen moving off through the beautiful grounds en route for the first cover

HUNTING FOLK WHO WERE TO THE

Express Photos

The field moving off at the opening meet of the Percy. It was held at Alnwick Castle, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, who hunts this famous pack

The Duke of Beaufort at the opening meet of his East Tytherton, near

Express Photos

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland with their children, Lady Diana, Lord Geoffrey, Lord Richard and Lady Elizabeth, who are all keen riders to hounds. They are seen at Alnwick Castle at the opening meet of the Percy, of which the Duke is M.F.H.

Topical

Mr. Hilton Green, the Joint-Master of the Meynell, seen at the opening meet. He is also Huntsman of the pack

Hunting Notes by BRIDLE *will be found on page 368*

FORE AT THE START OF THE SEASON

Sport and General

hounds, which he hunts himself. It took place at Chippenham, in Wiltshire

Sport and General

The opening meet of the Hampshire Hunt took place in summerlike surroundings. The field is seen under the trees at Rotherfield Park, near Alton

Topical

The Hon. Diana Allsopp, who is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Hindlip, who have a seat at Doveridge, at the opening meet of the Meynell. It took place at Sudbury Village, in Derbyshire

Sport and General

Mr. Smithers, of Alton, an eighty-two-year-old sportsman, at the opening meet of the Hampshire Hunt. He has attended sixty-one consecutive meets of this particular hunt

AT THE PLAY

THE UNLUCKY THIRTEEN AND A "FEW"

"THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

Left. The ex-mistress of the bold, bad villain (Cecil Humphreys) and a dastardly detective (Arthur Finn), right

"The Woman in Room 13," at the Garrick Theatre

THE copperplate signature of J. L. Sacks appears once more on a West End programme with the production of *The Woman in Room 13*, by Samuel Shipman and Max Marcin, at the Garrick Theatre, for it is he who, by arrangement with Al. Woods, is responsible for this venture.

IN one—and only one—respect this Yankee melodrama recalls Shakespeare, and that is in the constant change of scene; in other ways it resembles one of those sexy films which appear to be always keeping Hollywood busy in churning out, and is even more inept than anything that even Hollywood has manufactured.

WHEN puppets take the place of characters it is difficult to be interested in their doings, and these puppets at the Garrick can hardly be said to be manipulated with skill. It is perhaps a small matter, but never have I seen entrances and exits so crudely contrived. The authors pulling the strings show their clumsy hands at every turn, and their efforts in this respect verge on the comic.

WHAT is more vital is that the scenes which should thrill fall as flat as a pancake. Take the end of the second act, for instance, where a husband, suspicious of his wife's fidelity, listens in—thanks to a microphone—to a conversation taking place in a room above between a professional seducer and the suspect. It is possible that, properly handled, this might have been effective. As planned and written it verged on the farcical, not made less funny by the arrival from above of a woman—not the suspected wife—down the hotel fire-escape.

AS for the trial scene—for the husband shoots the seducer and is had up for murder—until I saw this play I was under the impression that such a one must be theatrically effective. My impression was proved wrong by these American authors, who attempted to stage the trial in two places at once—a corridor and the court house itself—and constantly changing from one to the other, a piece of misplaced ingenuity which brought down the curtain on one wondering why so crude and uninteresting a play should ever have been brought across the Atlantic.

WITH such material no cast could be expected to make much. Franklin Dyall and Mary Merrall both made up their minds that melodrama must be played melodramatically, and hurled their parts across the footlights. Lawrence Anderson, who appeared slightly puzzled, was more restrained in his methods, while a film star, Gladys Frazin, indulged in a bare-backed performance and wrestled with some terrible lines. One was her excuse for committing perjury, viz., that she had "sisters and brothers and an old mother and father." Austin Melford and Helena Pickard had lighter parts to play, and played them effectively.

"Beau Austin," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON and W. E. Henley were not, in the commercial sense, successful dramatists. Their

Divorced husband and wife here meet and the sparks fly. The

MORE" By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches by H. H. HARRIS

two most important plays were *Beau Austin* and *Admiral Guinea*, neither of which, so far as I can remember, were ever produced for a run in what is known as the commercial theatre. No Stevenson and Henley, therefore, for the ordinary theatrical manager! But Sir Nigel Playfair is not an ordinary manager, and it is therefore no surprise to find him staging *Beau Austin* at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, with a pleasant trifle by Laurence Housman called *Mr. Gladstone's Comforter*, as a curtain raiser. Although far from eighteenth century in tone—it is too delicate and precious to be true to the time when Fielding was a popular writer—yet there is a charm about this simple fable which is most attractive, and it is admirably acted.

Comic relief is here shown in addition to villainy. Our artist has not attempted to draw the plot!

picture on the right represents the lady's second choice

IN a long review of this play a critical colleague, James Agate, has made himself responsible for a somewhat astounding statement in saying that the English theatre was boycotted by English men of letters—as distinct from dramatists—during the last century, and mentions only two, Bulwer Lytton and Charles Reade, "with a few more," as exceptions, who wrote for the stage.

I SPEAK only from memory, but these "few more" men of letters are not *entirely* unknown to fame in the literary world, for amongst those who had plays produced during the last century were Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, G. H. Lewes, Lord Tennyson, Thomas Hardy, John Davidson, W. B. Yeats, George Moore, Henry James, W. D. Howells, and Oscar Wilde; while Robert Browning and Algernon Swinburne and Thackeray also wrote plays which, however, were not produced. This proves, I think, that the stage was not boycotted, but suggests that their comparative inactivity was due to the fact that most English men of letters found that, in Thackeray's own words, "I thought I could write a play, but I find I can't!"

H. H. HARRIS, the artist who desecrates—I mean decorates—these pages with his drawings, asks me to say that inadvertently he attached the wrong name of the actor to his picture of the Scottish doctor in *Heat Wave*, at the St. James's Theatre, which appeared in the issue of October 30. This part was played by Patrick Curwen and not by Eugene Leahy as labelled, and he hopes that by apologising to each of these clever actors he will not again put his foot in it and offend both.

V. W.

A THEATRICAL MENU.

THE COCKTAIL.

"Bitter Sweet" at HIS MAJESTY'S. Shaken with a deft hand.

HORS D'OUVRES.

"The Middle Watch" at the SHAFTESBURY. The salty tang promotes appetite.

CONSOMMÉ EN TASSE.

"A Cup of Kindness" at the ALDWYCH. The Characters are in it!

POISSON.

"He's Mine" at the LYRIC. Heroine's conduct very fishy.

REMOVE.

"Symphony in Two Flats." You are taken to and fro, to and fro.

RÔTI.

"The Roof" at the VAUDEVILLE. Nearly everyone done to a cinder.

SWEET.

"Secrets" at the COMEDY. Saccharine and satisfying.

SAVOURY.

"A Girl's Best Friend" at the AMBASSADORS. A dainty of soufflé.

DESSERT.

"The Apple Cart" at the QUEEN'S. Obviously!

PARIS IN MID-SEASON MOOD

By Blanche B. Elliott

Lelong uses mink to form a collar with long shaped tie ends and deep bell cuffs to trim a brocaded evening coat
Sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

EVERY time one returns to Paris it is to find it a little more modern. More shops in the smartest streets have acquired straight-faced windows, square letterings with no capitals, decorations of glistening metals or colour designs and cubist interiors. The post-war, twentieth-century "new" art has completely captured French imagination. Even the Latin Quarter has not escaped. The dear, grubby old shops selling artists' materials, sculpture, odds and ends in earthenware, furniture and brass, are replaced by terribly smart affairs created in the new art style.

A SIMILAR transformation is at present taking place at my favourite hairdresser's—to everyone's extreme inconvenience. Here the metal water taps assume queer new shapes, the curtain rings are oblong, the hot air machines present the strangest appearance of tube and disc, and a shiny metal cap with ear flaps like a diver's helmet is what you entrust your head in to be dried; while the square gold letters which says "salons d'ether" look positively menacing. "Il faut vivre dans son epoch," remarked the little manicurist with unconscious philosophy as she painted my nails the new vivid red everyone is wearing. She kept her little finger permanently red as an example to her clients—and one wondered if that habit would not soon become a vogue too.

THIS strange new art which has so revolutionised everything is not only reflected in architecture and furniture, but in clothes. Rodier has created a school of fabric design, and as such his name will certainly go down to posterity. Meanwhile we carry the same geometric suggestion in our metal or silver bracelets, necklaces, buckles, hat ornaments; in the stripes and patternings on our jumpers, as on our corsets and on tie or gauntlet glove. The big designers are influenced by it and work in triangular seams, diagonal lines, and there is more symmetry than ever before. It is an art which aims at basic simplicity, yet has an affectation in its simplicity and much originality. As one grows accustomed to the style one likes it more and more. It seems to soothe and reduce some of the complexities of existence by its restful straight lines, its harmonious planes. It has been called the furniture of the fourth dimension. If it can clear away mass patternings, heavy germanic ornamentation, and drab conventionalism, it will not have come in vain.

MEANWHILE I am busy attending mid-season collections on THE BYSTANDER readers' behalf. They seem to be attracting almost as many buyers as the earlier ones did. The American buyers are here, too, in large numbers, having apparently tumbled to the fact that the first models were largely for their home consumption and the later ones for Europe and especial clientèle. The mid-season showing is particularly important, therefore, as it emphasises the successes and eliminates the exaggerations and "try outs" of the first collections.

INSPIRED by the successful launching of the new styles the grands couturiers are pressing home their hard-won advantages. They dared greatly, and in the face of much opposition they succeeded. The long skirt and higher waistline have come to stay, heartlessly regardless of the fact that they have made all our last year's frocks hopelessly démodé. Now comes the difficult period of adjusting ourselves to the new outline. Though she has gone far there is one point on which modern woman is adamant: whatever the length of the afternoon and evening dresses, the sports skirt must remain short, only, as a concession, it is just *below* the knee instead of just above it.

Lanvin variously decorates the cuff, and here the satin sleeve is slit to the elbow to disclose tight-fitting rows of narrow lace
Sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

NOW let me hasten to say that in the present showing frocks appear to be more beautiful than ever. We have really regained a lost dress elegance, and the return of the formal dressmaker frock for smart afternoon wear is one of fashion's most important features. America was the first to accept the new styles, and being such large buyers have a big pull. Patou, with his most complete and drastic changes "went over big," but then he is so adored there that he can do no wrong. Molyneux had a success for the opposite reason that he was far less drastic, and let the hesitants down more gently. In his mid-season showing he has moved his skirts down a shade and his waistline up a bit. Only in his three-piece tailor suits does he keep the top of hip-bone waist.

WHILE each house has its different characteristics upon which I will dwell more fully later, there is a similarity in the silhouette of the bell-like tier. It varies in size and depth, but its significance should be noted. It even appears in the delicious black lace frock by Chanel, depicted by Sciaoni opposite. In it the top deep basque of frills stands out from the low hip line, an effect which is apt to happen anywhere down the skirt. Lelong does it with curved or straight frills and loops, and Lanvin does it in two (or more) bell tiers, one often ending just above the knee—so also do many others.

TWEEDS maintain their early promise and make frocks, coats and suits. They are inseparable from astrakan, apparently, when a fur of any kind is used, and it can be in black, grey or brown to tone with the tweed, forming collar, cravat or cuff trimming alike. The spotted tweed is very much favoured, and some fine woollens are used for frocks with coats, and to make smart mannish little tailored shirts. There is a feeling for the jumper with a fitted basque and waistbelt over which the back blouses. It makes an alternative for the short-waisted woman, to whom the tuck-in style is not becoming.

Frills of softly falling black lace entirely compose Chanel's charming evening frock. It widens towards the hem and has a loose lace berthe round the shoulders. Model Chanel

THE political row about India had the advantage of making dinner-parties talk. I say advantage deliberately. Although it is the fashion to put down politics as a boring topic, not to be compared with the 18-day diet, or Tallulah, or the latest case employing Sir Henry Curtis Billy Bennett (almost a barrister), it is a pity that this is so. Not only are politics quite frequently the reverse of boring, but it is undisputed that the success of the Socialists at the last election was largely due to the Socialists' recognition of that fact. They talked politics, ate, drank and slept politics, with the result that they rolled up in their millions on election day. If members of opposing parties decide to ignore politics, to do no work for those parties, and, often, to omit to vote, they have only themselves to blame if they are swamped.

Central Press

"TO HAVE

Above are seen some of the Canadian V.C.s who came over to this country to attend the dinner given by the C. M. Mitchell and Lieut.-Colonel G. R. Pearkes. On the right, Lieut.-General Sir Edward Bethune is

if gossip

MR. BALDWIN does not ignore politics. Many Conservatives wish he would. His position in the Simon-Commission-plus-Viceroy-of-India's-statement impasse is delicate and complicated, and it has done neither him nor his party any good. It has not served the Empire, and it has not embarrassed to any vast extent a Government which, with the exception of Jim Thomas, has no use at all for the Empire as such.

Mr. Baldwin gave the lie direct to the *Daily Mail*. So be it. But he has obviously flirted with the Dominion status idea. The Shadow Cabinet expressed "grave doubts" of the policy approved by Mr. Baldwin, who has abandoned that policy. So if there was not disagreement between him and his Shadow Cabinet, there was something precious near it.

Stage Photo Co.

Marjorie Lotinga singing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" at the Alhambra, the song made famous by the late Lottie Collins, which not only shocked the town but drew it to wherever it was sung. It is obvious that a previous generation was easily shocked

THE whole affair is most unsatisfactory. I do not approve of the whole-hogging, scandalous attacks on Mr. Baldwin, who is essentially a decent person. But, as an Imperialist, a Conservative and a believer in the theory that Democracy run wild means the end of all things, I am afraid of the so-called leadership of a man who is not of this political creed, whatever label he may happen to wear. Mr. Baldwin is in many respects as close an adherent to Socialism as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and is far more sentimental about it. The danger is that, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, he may lead the Conservatives with him anywhere—even down a steep place into the Red, or, at any rate, the Pink Sea. I would prefer another leader, because I think principles are more important than leadership, and certainly more important than such leadership. A man who has started as a Conservative and is going red is more of a peril than a man who has started as a Socialist and is going blue.

THE Autumn Meeting at Newmarket, where very few people made much money over the Cambridgeshire except the "bookies," had a Spanish touch about it. I do

Keystone View Co.

THE HONOUR—"

Prince of Wales last Saturday. On the left are seen Capt. W. H. Metcalfe, Capt. J. B. Geary, Capt. seen with Major Holland and Sergeant Barrow, two more of Canada's V.C.s, on their arrival in London

We must

not mean that bull fights were turned on between the races or that the stewards danced the tango with the jockeys in the paddock. But, the Spanish national colours being red and yellow, the majority of the women in the private stand facially resembled them. They had adopted the yellow make-up fashionable in Paris a year or two ago, and the keen north-east wind came whistling across the Heath to turn their noses red. It was an original colour scheme, though I have seen more attractive ones.

Those who had not adopted it, and looked better in consequence, included Lady Blandford, Madame de Landa (Lady Drogheda that was) and her now pig-tailless daughter, Lady Patricia Moore, Lady Stevenson (Lord Chalmer's attractive daughter), Miss Isobel Jeans, and Lady Lavery, who wore a pillar-box red coat and grey suède boots. Rarely is it that one sees women in boots nowadays.

By A. R. Cane

"You don't mean to tell me that the fellow choked a woman to death in a crowded café and no one interfered?"

"Certainly I do! They all thought it was some new dance!"

CAPTAIN JOLIFFE, who used to be in the "Blues" and is a crack revolver shot, now runs the catering at Newmarket, both for the big shows and for the delightful little summer meeting on the July course. "Jumbo" Joliffe believes that "doing things well" is both good sense and good business, so one gets good fish and good English joints, and one gets 'em hot. This last is a consideration when the weather is Arctic, for of all race-courses Newmarket is (always with the exception of Aintree) the coldest in the country.

What is more, the waiters are not only competent but clean. Harking back to his military days, "Jumbo" holds a "clean hands" parade, and all his men wear neat short jackets. Gone from at any rate the majority of race meetings is the waiter with ancient grease-spotted dress-suits and finger nails which, as George Graves used to say, would need dynamite to blast them into cleanliness.

Stage Photo Co.

Ann Todd as Irene March, the ingenuous young person in "Heat Wave," who yearns to lead a desperately vampish existence. This play is running at the St. James's Theatre

SPEEDING AT THE SAVOY

"That was my cousin Nellie in 1913"

"I AM not going back to the stage," chirps Lady Inverclyde, the erstwhile June. "I have had my innings as an actress, and a very good one, too."

Other very good actresses who have not retired may now breathe again.

THE party of last year, about which everyone who was present still talks, was the "Wild West" affair, given in a house in Lancaster Gate which used, I believe, to belong to Lady Massereene. Several of the "co-hosts" are putting their heads together to give another one on similar lines in the near future. This time, instead of the guests being cowboys and cowgirls, they are all to go as criminals. In some cases little or no make-up will be needed. But criminals of all the centuries—Crippen, the Marquis de Sade, Mme. Brinvilliers, and, of course, Charley Peace—will all be there. The hosts, on the other hand, will represent the law which their guests have offended. They will be the judge, the chaplain, the hangman, the warden and the policeman. Black Marias at, I should say, about 4 a.m.

"That's Uncle Fred in Bermuda before he grew a beard"

By EDNA CLAYTON

Stanelli and Edgar, who are appearing at the Palladium this week in an entertaining act containing humour and real music

THE last thing the members of the Gilbert and Sullivan cast at the Savoy are likely to say at the moment is "Kiss me, Sargent," particularly those who have songs with quick patter to fit in. Dr. Malcolm Sargent is a clever musician in his way, and a nice young man. But he has an idea that Sullivan did not know at what pace his own music ought to go. So he rushes it along at breakneck speed. *Ruddigore* was much faster even than *The Gondoliers*. This is what is called "giving a new reading." I wonder what reading Mr. J. L. Sacks would give.

The value, by the way, of three fine and experienced actors and singers, Leo Sheffield, Bertha Lewis, and Harry Lytton, to these productions is incalculable. Their ability and "drawing power" are, I trust, sufficiently realised. Derek Oldham is not singing up to his usual form this year, and Winnie Melville, admirable musical-comedy star though she is, seems rather out of it dans cette galère.

"That's Mrs. Fibble's little dog, Fobbles"

THE mustering of the V.C.s is the biggest thing the British Legion have done, and the sitting down of over three hundred of them to dinner at the House of Lords, under the chairmanship of the Prince of Wales, was a fine imaginative touch, almost as fine, in its way, as the idea of the Unknown Warrior.

This function should not, I think, be repeated annually, as has been suggested in some quarters. It would thus lose much of its significance and

THE V. C.s AND THE "DAILY HERALD"

settle down into a more or less humdrum affair, like a regimental dinner. Besides, the gatherings would inevitably become smaller, as an annual trip from the other ends of the world would be impossible to all the V.C.s but a very few.

Of course, the ineffable Labour organ has had to have its little say on the matter. One *Daily Heraldite* comes along, after the "Why-all-this-fuss?" sort of opening, with the statement that the real heroes are the unemployed. There is the further implication that every man jack of them should have a V.C., as well, of course, as full board free, for which other people will have to pay. My sympathy with the unemployed is not lessened by my thinking that there is nothing particularly heroic in not having a job. Since, in fact, the present Government is bent on increasing doles and other forms of pay and maintenance for the benefit of those who do not wish to work as well as for those who cannot find it, the man who will soon deserve a V.C. is the man who consents to take on any job that is offered him. There are so many inducements to live in comfort at other people's expense. And the new pension scheme, with

"That's Aunt Kate on her tricycle"

plenty of pocket-money out of the public purse for the children of the "workers," will soon send the word "thrift" clean out of the language.

Last week we printed a list, compiled by Mr. Rupert Grayson, the novelist, of things mentioned in the popular Press which only vaguely interested him, and invited readers to send us *their* lists. The following, which was received by a reader who is, apparently, not unconnected with the world of the theatre, has just reached us. Mr. J. L. Sacks, infant prodigies, bots, cosmetics, Tarragona wine, gear boxes, Mr. J. L. Sacks, flatulence, many leading ladies, confinements, haddocks, Mr. J. L. Sacks, seaweed, Miss Wilhelmina Stitch, ambidexterity—and Mr. J. L. Sacks.

Dorothy Wilding

A popular author's unpopular wife exchanges greetings with the author's best friend. Reading from left to right: Athole Stewart, Ronald Squire, and Mabel Sealby, are playing in "Canaries Sometimes Sing," at the Globe Theatre

By G. S. Sherwood

"And that's some of the bathing party at Seaview"

PRO PATRIA

A leading teacher of ballroom dancing complains that the average Englishman seems quite unable to dance even the new simplified Tango with any verve or fire.

WHEN next I repair to the Kit-Cat,
The Berkeley or Café de P.,
I shall score a remarkable hit that
Will bring lots of kudos to me,
For I'll cast off cold British reserve and
I'll dance till the orchestra tire
With gracefulness, passion and verve and
True Latin-American fire.

For the glory of England I'll wriggle
My hips like a snake with D.T.s,
No matter how much women giggle
I'll daintily droop at the knees.
The blot on our dancing escutcheon
Shall be wiped away by my grace
And you'll hear dancing teachers and such own
With my feet I have saved Britain's face.

On the dancing floor I shall be minus
As much as but one dancing flaw,
And when we have done you'll assign us
(Meaning partner and self) an encore.
In fact, only one thing emerges
A faint shade of doubting to bring,
Although very hearty my urge is
I haven't yet learned the darned thing.

B. W.

"Excuse me, constable, but have you seen a little white Pom that answers to the name of Fluff?"

FILM NOTES

Four of Broadway's attractive Gold Diggers resting from their strenuous labours! A scene out of "The Gold Diggers of Broadway," a Warner Bros. picture which will be shown at the Regal at Christmas

OUT OF THE MIRE TO THE GREAT WHITE WAY

By Lionel Collier

ERIC VON STROHEIM has emerged again from what has for some time been comparative obscurity. It is some years since his "Foolish Wives" took the world by storm, both for his acting and direction, and he was widely boomed as "the man you'll love to hate." This week he is appearing in the West End both in the capacity of director and actor, but he can no longer be boomed as "the man you'll love to hate," partly because he has lost a lot of his slimness and a great deal of the devilishness which was his former big asset.

S

AT the Avenue Pavilion, which is specialising in films that have made screen history as well as so-called "uncommercial" pictures, "Greed" is being shown. Stroheim made this in 1925, and it is well worth a visit for its very clever direction. He was at that time rather inclined to wallow in the mire, although he has a fine sense of tragedy, almost Greek in character, which overwhelms one with a sense of the inevitable. But in attaining these ends he plumbs too deeply the depths of sordidness. Stroheim, in fact, does not cast pearls before swine; he presents us with the pig-sty which, as a rule, contains no pearls.

Betty Compson can be seen and heard in "The Great Gabbo" at the New Gallery, and "On With The Show" at the Tivoli. Both these films are in colour

THE tragic culmination of greed on the wife's part, which leads in its turn to her death at her husband's hands, and finally his own death in a waterless desert across which he is endeavouring to reach safety, also the death of a former friend who tries to capture him for the sake of the money he has stolen from his murdered wife, is vividly depicted. The producer never loses sight of his central theme, and by detail touches continually keeps the idea of the allure of the glitter of gold before his audience. Light touches are subtle and emphasise the tragedy, while a great many of them are introduced through the medium of a perfectly drawn German-Canadian family; the Prussianism of the father is delightfully shown, and the wedding

FROM "ROUGH-STUFF" TO WALL STREET

Filmgoers are looking forward with interest to seeing Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in "The Taming of the Shrew," which will begin a season at the London Pavilion on November 14

scene, in which he is filled with a due sense of importance, is very true to life.

WITH regard to the final scene in the desert, where, waterless—a bullet fired at the pack mule, which attempted to run away, having pierced the water bottle—the two former friends fight for the gold which is useless to both, is the most vivid and terrible climax I have ever seen on the screen. The whole atmosphere of intense heat and the hopelessness of their position is brought out. To add to the horror during the struggle the pursuer had brought out his handcuffs and clicked one bracelet on his own wrist and one on the pursued, so that finally the latter is left chained to a corpse.

"GREED" is a brilliant study of a woman's gradual degradation into miserliness and the effect on her immediate companions. It is intensely dramatic and full of subtle detail work. Zasu Pitts is remarkably fine as the wife. She acts naturally and depicts vividly the gradual accession of cunning and greed in her pursuit of gold to fondle. As the husband Gibson Gowland is excellent.

NOW in "The Great Gabbo" at the New Gallery we come to the Great White Way, although the gaiety, here again, is marked by the tragic figure of Stroheim as a half-mad, egotistical ventriloquist whose better nature is expressed in the words he puts into the mouth of his dummy; it is as if he were speaking to his conscience. Thus we have the drama of a woman living with him and partner in his turn loving him through the dummy and repulsed by his outward personality. Surely a theme which presents wonderful opportunities. Unfortunately, James Cruze, who directed it, has treated it objectively, and, apparently dazed by the orgy of Broadway shows that the talkies have introduced, holds up his theme by stage shows, dancing and singing. The climax, too, where the Great Gabbo, having lost the woman he loves, tries to interrupt the finale of the show he is in and then watches his name being taken down from the theatre lights, is weak. It should have ended in his smashing the doll and so losing his better self.

ANYWAY, it is an interesting picture and one that will be found well worth a visit. Stroheim and Betty Compson give excellent performances and record well, although his part is one I should have liked to have seen Jannings play. The stage numbers are excellently put over, although to my mind they still fall short of their prototype. Producers have not yet developed a technique which breaks away from stage convention.

AT last "Bulldog Drummond" has finished its long run at the Tivoli, and is now replaced by "On With the Show," a song and dance entertainment in colour. The story is puerile, and shows the attempts of a producer of a revue to carry on against difficulties in the shape of an amorous backer who refuses his support because he wants an ever so innocent chorus girl who has other ideas. In the end his wife, played admirably by Betty Compson, puts him in his place and saves the show.

ALAN CROSLAND has depended entirely on a stage formula in making this picture, but, at any rate, it is pleasing to the eye. The colour is good, although still far from perfect; in fact, I still prefer the colour values recorded in black and white. Sam Hardy as a harassed producer acts admirably, as does Louise Fazenda, who supplies what there is of comedy with the help of Lee Moran and Harry Gribbon. Sally O'Neil makes a graceful little heroine, but I found the hero's (Arthur Lake) voice irritating. I dare say this, because he is across the Atlantic and doesn't lunch at my restaurant.

GENERALLY released this week is one of George Bancroft's best pictures, and incidentally his first talkie, "The Wolf of Wall Street." It is particularly interesting, because while the star is given a character part that approximates to his others he is placed in the environments of the Stock Exchange instead of the underworld, and never strikes a blow from the beginning to the end of the picture. It must have been a terrible strain on him!

THE triangle story, which is very strong and human, is extremely well characterised and very well directed by Rowland V. Lee. He has concentrated on the three main characters and succeeded in making them live. Baclanova is excellent as a pleasure-loving wife who is eventually turned out by her duped husband. Bancroft's performance in the picture must be classed amongst his most successful characterisations, and proves very conclusively that he has not to play "rough house" to achieve his effect.

BY HYNES

ALL QUIET ON THE VEST AND FRONT

"MODEL" F

The votaries of Fashion note with care
The slinky mannequin who steps with pride,
For in the salon whither they repair
They dearly love to "dally near the glide."

BY LAURIE TAYLER

EHAVIOUR

With expert eye they scan creations new
And criticise each garment that's on tap;
Indeed, it would be nothing but untrue
To say, "For fashions they *don't care a (w)rap"!*

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Re-Creation

By ANTHONY GIBBS

Illustrated by F. S. May

There is historical precedent for suggesting that famous authors are not always companionable at home. Sylvia Richardson discovered this, but, as Anthony Gibbs reveals in his clever story, Re-creation, she suffered a dual punishment for becoming the mistress of such a man

G. W. BAILEY was a famous author.

So famous, indeed, was the great G. W. B. that it seems almost irreverent to suppose him capable of a domestic existence, to intrude on the working of his bodily functions, to give him a wife, and a mistress, and a story of his own. One never imagined, somehow, that G. W. Bailey ate eggs, or spilt a little marmalade on his trousers, or felt tired, or had a son, or did any of those common or garden actions that occupy most of us. One thought of him perpetually poring over his paper, thinking great thoughts, giving his gospel to the world, writing those intensely readable works that are a little vulgar, and yet deathless.

G. W. B. seemed nothing but a brain, and to fit him with a body may dispel something of his greatness. Yet there is no doubt he was an outstanding figure in his day. There are some who think he was a genius. His influence on current thought was prodigious. Too prodigious, some say, but that was because he had the knack of making his books easy, of cloaking his doctrines in the guise of a good story, of slipping his stuff over, so that he was bought by the lazy ones who hate to realise they can think. By sheer weight of numbers G. W. Bailey was a great man.

Yet the G. W. stood for nothing less prosaic than George William. He was a man, this man, as well as a great one.

Now Sylvia Richardson was his mistress. The world, I think, never knew this, though the world knew Sylvia Richardson well. She too, wrote. Differently, of course, with the feminine touch, but none the less well. There was something a little curious about Sylvia. She was dark, so dark that she seemed almost foreign. There was something unusual in her blood. It may have been gipsy, or it may have been Spanish—Spanish Jew perhaps. She was small and very neat about the ears, and men were a little afraid of her because there was a touch of the untamed that flamed occasionally behind the lazy intellectuality of her eyes.

What it was that drew these two together it is difficult to tell. Though I think I know. It's my belief she offered her body to his soul. It was the great G. W. B. she gave herself to, not George William the man. It was an intellectual surrender, and it happened in 1908, which is an unpleasantly long time ago considering how easily one remembers it.

LET us bring this lady to life a little. She stood in the doorway of a little white stucco villa on the edge of the hillside above the town of Grasse, which is behind Cannes, in the South of France, and shaded her eyes against the setting sun. She wore a white sailor blouse, and an eighteen and a half inch waist, and a bell-shaped skirt, and a small gold watch hanging from a turquoise bow. But in spite of such abominable costume most men would have called her pretty as she stood there, for the sun lingered in her hair, and there is something pleasantly romantic about a lady waiting at a doorway for a lover.

She was waiting for G. W. B., and already down in the valley there were signs of his approach. A blue cloud rising from between the little houses and an irregular popping like the sound of rifle fire.

The pink villa was only one of innumerable pink villas that strewed the countryside as though they had been peppered out of a pot. Does the reader know that countryside? It rises more gently here than in other parts of that coast where it springs sheer from the water into jagged mountains. The hills seem not quite real hills, for they are terraced in steps that follow the contour of the land, and broken with an extraordinary disarray of concrete water tanks, and telegraph poles, and chicken runs, and little dark vines, and flowers, and villas, and peculiar dome-shaped things marked, "Danger de mort." It is all rather haphazard and full of colour and not altogether clean. Roads twist up between the houses, rutty roads, and a thousand small paths wander among the water tanks, and climb the terraces, and on them dogs lie sleeping in the sun, and flies buzz, and a friendly cabbage lies rotting quietly.

But this particular pink villa, if it was no pinker than the rest, was a little more brilliantly green, if possible, about the shutters, and its astonishing cornice of tortured vine leaves and bunches of grapes was fresher from the hand of the local artist than the cornice of its neighbours. If you looked closer you might see other differences, how the curtains were washed, and how a corner of the *Daily Telegraph* appeared in the window with two tins of tobacco and the back of a photograph. And if you went inside, then, of course, you came upon England all mixed up with France, carpet slippers lying on polished boards, golf clubs and brandy bottles, pipes and rocking chairs, and over all that curious smell of tobacco and cold stone and sour bread.

This was the place where Sylvia Richardson and G. W. Bailey met, once in a while, to pass a little time in one another's company. If the journalists of the time had grown to know of it—but then they never did. G. W. Bailey was far too clever to allow a thing like that to happen. Besides, he knew most of the editors. Besides, he was G. W. Bailey, of whom Fleet Street was far too proud to allow itself to be disillusioned. Rather print the *Daily Telegraph* on pink paper than blacken the fair name of G. W. B.

THE signs of his arrival in the valley were unmistakable, and as Sylvia Richardson stood in the doorway waiting the thought came so that she hated G. W. B. More than any woman hated any man on earth she hated him. For she knew now that she would be the mother of his baby. She had given her body to his soul, and in so doing had suffered the loss of her personality. That was why she hated him. She had been Sylvia Richardson, now she was nothing but the mistress of G. W. B. A proud position she had thought once. A linking of intellects. An intellectual union of two free minds. Her eyes hardened a little under the shade of her hand.

He had been to London to interview his publishers, and here he was, picking his way along the hillside in a strange contraption called a Leon Bollée. A high, ungainly thing it was, with great lamps and smooth tyres, and wherever it went there was the volcano of blue smoke and the sounds of battle. It was typical of G. W. B., thought Sylvia, to do a thing like that. He rode it with a fierce grin of triumph, a sense of devilish mastery over the forces of nature. She understood his mind. She knew how he liked to sit on the edge of a volcano, to play with dangerous toys, to love the feeling of imminent disintegration, to revel in the thoughts and sounds and smells of instant catastrophe. The thing seemed about to blow up at any minute, that was the truth of it, and G. W. B. liked the feeling. He was tickled by the picture of the explosion of the great G. W. B. in a

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Provençal village, of bits of G. W. B. falling from heaven in the water tanks of the astonished Provençal villagers. It appealed to his conception of the incongruous. Sylvia Richardson knew all that. She could have put him very well into a book. She had loved him for it before she hated him. He was a great boy, that's what he was. A great boy that had been given a brain to play with.

He was nearer now.

And suddenly Sylvia Richardson laughed. She had found something cynical in life that mocked at the blue sky and the pink villas and the blue smoke in the middle distances of that gentle perspective. Those articles of hers on the new freedom! That careful cult throughout her novels of the new spirit of love, the free coming together of two kindred souls. It had been rationalisation that. She knew it now. It was, perhaps, a sense of escape. Caught herself, she had given forth her pretence of freedom to the world as a new gospel of salvation. Was this what she had done? She thought it was. And her soul filled with anger against this man who had been the cause of it. She walked a little way down to meet him.

He came up the road in a cricket cap. Why G. W. Bailey wore a cricket cap no one could ever explain, except by that counter inquiry, "What else could he wear?" There was an air of inevitability about that cricket cap which made it absolutely right. It sat his head. A thing of concentric rings. Absurd, yet brilliantly appropriate. In it he looked a cricketer, whatever such may look like. A roundish face convulsed with devilment, with a pendant moustache that fell over his mouth like a sandy waterfall? I think not, yet that was G. W. B. Up the road he came, quite a steep little piece, perched upon his convulsive mechanism, hugging a tall shaft with a horn on it, bounding on his seat, ushered in with apocalyptic bangs, throned in a fluffy cloud of smoke, like the devil riding in on hell.

HE waved his hand at her from his preposterous carriage, and charged beyond her up the hill, for that was the only way of surmounting it, in a hectic rush. And as the thing passed her she caught a confused impression of a man sitting on machinery, of cranks and wheels whirring among his legs. She shrugged her shoulders. There was nothing she could do. No escape now. Marriage? He had a little wife in Queen Anne's Mansions. She had his baby. She watched him bring the Leon Bollée to rest with a smile on her lips, and the madness fading from her eye. Surrender—useless to attempt to drive it into the wooden shed that housed it, for there was no finesse in its movements. Either it must be pushed or, as like as not, one of the walls would go, or the back of the shed, or the roof, or some damage irretrievable. So Marc Antonio came forth, Marc Antonio who was dumb, and brushed the sweat from his forehead with a black forearm, and leaned a spade against one of the little terraces, and prepared to help shove. But G. W. B., having brought the mechanism triumphantly to rest, would have no more of it, and came slithering down the road, slipping on the rough stones.

"Hullo," he said, and his rather plain face was freshened surprisingly by his smile of greeting. He was a little bowlegged. "S-s-s." He laughed like that, hissing in his teeth. Sylvia thought it an unpleasant habit.

"Well?" she said, and gave him her hand.

He took it. "You look very charming and unbothered. Shall we salute one another? I understand it's usual."

She felt his bristly moustache on her lips, and caught a suspicion of tobacco and of soap. She loathed that mannish smell, and the unpleasant tenderness of the way he held her. She kissed him back.

He patted her with his hand before he released her.

"You hate that," he said, "I know." And he stood looking at her, with his legs slightly apart and rattling a finger in his ear as though there was water there.

He had many of those little mannerisms, and she detested them all.

"My dear G. W. B.," she answered in her curiously deep voice. "You mustn't read these things into me. I'm not a character in one of your books."

He laughed at her again. "S-s-s-"

She couldn't bear the way he stood quizzing her, hissing with amusement and grinning in her eyes. It made her feel naked. How much did he see, she wondered, when he looked at her. She lowered her lids a little, looking at his feet. She spoke to him mostly like that now, avoiding his eyes.

"Did you have a fairly decent journey?" she asked.

"Filthy!" he said. "Unutterably f-filthy. There was a Belgian or something. Went to bed at nine in *my* berth, if you please, and then couldn't understand a word of anything I s-said, when I tried to turn him out. So I lay up on top with every window shut and stifled. Fortunately they arrested him in Marseilles. I don't know what he'd done, but they led him off between a couple of gendarmes. Awful noise those fellows make when they have a little business of that sort to be got through. This is very nice. I'm sorry I had to go away."

"You saw the publisher man?"

He was silent. And she looked up.

There he was, laughing at her again. "S-s-s" Did he know that she knew the publisher was only a pretence? He had spent a fortnight with his wife. Didn't he mind if she knew that? The brute!

"Oh, yes, I saw him. Wanted me to take fifteen per cent. in America. Foolish business. S-said they couldn't afford to pay the same royalties over there on account of the high costs of production and advertising. The usual

stuff." He waggled the finger in his ear. "So I told 'em, twenty per cent. or not another word."

He went on talking, but she did not listen very hard. "Fact of the matter is that fellow Bellamy's damned bad agent—." She was watching Marc Antonio. Extraordinary spiritual faces some of these Italians had. And what stupidity. Like a saint. Wasn't "silly" the same word as "holy"? She seemed to remember something; something about the "silly sheep."

He was still waiting for the Leon Bollée to be pushed into its shed. He stood up and looked at it, and looked down at G. W. B., and scratched his head. She couldn't help admiring the tanned muscle of his forearm as he did so. It was beautiful. He leant against the motor, fingering his jaw. "That's the worst of those agent fellows," said G. W. B.

MARC ANTONIO tested his strength against the Leon Bollée with a preparatory shove. The brake was on. He seemed to be going to do something. He gave one last look at G. W. B., and shrugged his shoulders. He took off the brake.

"—commission. A fifteen per cent. royalty by itself wouldn't be so bad, but when you've got to give ten per cent. of anything you earn to a rotten agent who never does a stroke of work—"

Marc Antonio pushed. The Leon Bollée moved. Unfortunately it moved the wrong way. Very slowly it moved against him. He dug his feet into the rough roadway and the muscles of his forearm tensed. There was a ridge, too, that stood out on his brown neck.

"As for the insufferable imposition of one and sixpence in the pound income tax—I regard it as deplorable. It has for centuries been a c-cardinal axiom of English law, 'no taxation without representation.' Does anyone represent me? Why should I pay for all their little w-wars and small bureaucrats?"

"You know best, dear," said Sylvia, "of course." It was a foolish thing to say. It was a wifely remark. She knew it. But the truth is that at the moment her attention became riveted on the Leon Bollée. The Leon Bollée gained on the utmost endeavours of Marc Antonio. It was quite perceptibly moving, moving downwards, down the steep road. That gentleman strained to arrest its motion. He was a magnificent figure of energy, of insufficient energy none the less. His feet slipped. He slithered. The thing came on. Marc Antonio stumbled and fell, and scrambled to his feet and came running after it, his dumb mouth open soundlessly. Too late. Sylvia Richardson stepped back, her hand to her mouth, her eyes staring. The instinct to shout was tremendous, but she bit her wrist.

"Whatever's the matter?" said G. W B. "Are you ill or something?" And then his face broke into a laugh. "What's the joke?" he demanded. "S-s-s-"

And in that instant the thing plunged into him, a ton weight of metal hurtling down the steep incline. It bowled him over in an absurdly undignified way, and carried him a few yards with an interminable second of complete stupefaction on his face, and impressed him strangely against a wall, and stopped there with a scrunch that brought people running from the other pink villas.

"It bowled him over . . . carried him a few yards . . . and impressed him strangely against a wall, and stopped there with a scrunch that brought people running from the other pink villas"

And when Sylvia took her arm away from her eyes she found time to wonder whether G. W. Bailey had a great brain or not, or an immortal soul. He seemed so lifeless, wedged there with his head hanging over one shoulder, so lacking in immortality, so obviously squashed dead, that she could hardly remember he had ever been alive at all till she caught sight of his moustache and fell upon reality.

* * *

JOHN ANTHONY RICHARDSON was twenty-one, which is another way of saying "Time passed." It was summer in England. Last summer. The summer term at Oxford had unwound itself in a slow procession of perfect days, days on the river, days when the lark sang dizzily, when the tall poplars along the banks of the Cherwell whispered to one another with hot breathlessness and stretched themselves gracefully into the sky. The mind of man has devised for himself nothing more perfect than an Oxford summer term.

Sylvia Richardson sat on the white chalk cross that ancient men carved on a hill in Buckinghamshire. A high place that, "wide wandering for the eye." The country-

side rolled away on each side of her in lazy billows, checked with cornfields, yet an unbroken swell, an over-the-hills-and-far-away landscape, into the bosom of the beyond. Sylvia liked that place. It gave her sense of innocence, a sense of sitting on top of the earth. Over there was Oxford where John was. He was coming home to-day, for the last time. John—twenty-one.

To look at Sylvia Richardson now was not to look at the same person as that other Sylvia Richardson who waited (a long time ago) at the door of a little pink villa on the hills above Cannes and waited for G. W. Bailey. Her hair was grey now, and straight, and her forehead lined with the years. A little older than her age she looked, and very intellectual. There had been a flame behind the intellectuality of her eyes. Now there was nothing. It was a long time since anybody had been allowed to see into the soul of Sylvia Richardson. Twenty-one years. There was no sorrow there. What *was* there is the substance of this story, if only I could tell it.

For Sylvia Richardson thought she had killed G. W. Bailey. She hadn't, she knew. Daily, for twenty-one years, she told herself so arguing thus with herself. And yet she thought she had. She had killed him by a sin of omission. Ugh—she had killed him.

THERE had been a fuss then, of course. The newspapers had been after her like hounds in full cry. The body was taken to England, embalmed. It was typical of G. W. B. to have been embalmed. He had left directions to this effect. She shuddered at the memory. It reminded her of that unpleasant fœtus of a whale in the Musée Océanographique at Monaco. G. W. B. pickled in spirits. Yet she had achieved the great object. She was free, free of G. W. B., free to be Sylvia Richardson.

To that extent she had succeeded. She could never become so widespread in her endeavours or her appeal, so catholic as G. W. B. himself. She was a woman when all is said. None the less she was established. The world at least knew who Sylvia Richardson was. It was accustomed to her thin intellectual face smiling a little humorously and a little soulessly from her portraits in the Press. It was accustomed to her point of view.

But it knew nothing of the torment behind that slight lack of expression. Twenty-one years of repressed conviction that but for her G. W. Bailey would not have been taken off the earth. Murder is the word. A terrible word, my masters, that Sylvia Richardson never used to herself. Yet deep down in her she husbanded the conviction that that was what she had done. It is not an easy sin to lie lightly on the conscience.

She took her hat off and laid it beside her on the cross, shaking her hair. It was cut like a Florentine page's, and the ends of two long jade ear-rings trembled beneath its lower edge. She looked over towards Oxford. Somewhere between there and here was John. John was the trouble. She had created John, and watched him grow. She had made him, and yet there was something there she had not made. An extraordinarily interesting process, watching the growth of personality in one's child, a new trait here, and a new trait there, like a tree growing new branches. The fact of the matter was she had not made John at all. She had only started him, given him the initial shove that left him travelling on one of his own momentum. And now he was finished. There was nothing more that could happen in John—only things that could happen to him. He was the completed product. Education was over. John . . .

Her quick ears detected a new sound in the landscape. A high-pitched whine, a kind of mechanical scream that rose and fell. The serenity of the panorama was spoiled a little. A startled bird flew up from the grass in front of her. Was that John? She dreaded his coming a little, and was too terrified of the explanation to make it in her mind. Had she killed G. W. Bailey only to . . . . She scrambled hastily to her feet, picked up her hat and made her way through the bald chalky grass, running, to the little cottage behind the woods. There it was! There was reality. She stood looking at it and panting with a sense of great relief. What was it she had been afraid of? Something that had been haunting her through the years. Something that she thrust away from her with nervous hands. Something that bore down on her as relentlessly as the gleeful piece of machinery had set upon G. W. B.

YET here was the little cottage. This was the place she had built to escape. She thought she had escaped that day before the pink villa. Now she must escape from the escape. So long ago, that the trees she had planted as mere wisps were now quite respectable growths, the bricks mellowed by weather, and the creeper up to the wall. This was where John had come, and cried to find himself there, and grown. She remembered how she used to stand him up naked on the table. Even then his legs were a little bowed. Not very much. About as much as G.W.B.'s. . . .

John used to come into that room, and browse among the books on the lower levels. G. W. B.'s were all there, she did not know why, and her own. But G. W. B.'s were on the top shelf out of his young reach. She did not want him to read those, somehow. She did not want him to become too much like G. W. B.

But John grew older with the years. Is not life the same thing as growth? There is no stopping it. He developed into a chubby boy, a boy of astonishing roundness. There were moments then when he might have been G. W. B. all over again, when he turned his head suddenly and laughed. She kept from him jealously the secret of who his father was. John Anthony Richardson was his name. He was to have no father. He was to be *her* son and only hers. So she watched him spread himself, become taller, though it was clear he would be a little man. G. W. B. had been a little man. He went to school then, in Surrey, and wore a little cap of concentric yellow circles, and broke his voice, and made a great many model aeroplanes and things, so that she hoped he would be an engineer. And all the time, in the mind of Sylvia Richardson, the horrid fear became something like a certainty.

The whine grew suddenly louder, more penetrating still. It died for a second, and a raucous horn rattled in its throat, then the whine again, a furious screech now, and a blue projectile hurtled past her up the drive and an arm waved, and over all there spread the subtle aroma of singed castor oil. John grown up, G. W. B. grown up. Did English people ever grow up? Was Bernard Shaw right in *Back to Methuselah*?—that Englishmen died before they had outlived a fondness for golf.

He came down the drive, laughing.

"Hullo," he said.

"Well, John?" she countered. "All finished?"

"All finished, Mother."

"Won't you kiss me, John?"

He laughed. "I suppose it *is* usual," he said. Rather a charming laugh. He kissed her, and then pushed her away and at arm's length stood looking at her. "S-s-s—" surprisingly like G. W. B. Where in the world had he picked that up?"

"Don't look so startled," said he. "Whatever's the matter?"

She blinked the look away. "I'm sorry, John. I suppose it's because you've grown up."

"Grown up? My dear Mother, I've been grown up for absolutely years. Dash it all, President of the Union, one thing and another. S-s-s." He stood laughing at her. "You are a funny old Mother!"

"Am I?" she said. "Let's go into the cottage. I hate standing in the drive." She shivered, then put an arm on his shoulder as they walked across the little strip of bare lawn. "We'll have to settle what you're going to do now. I wonder what you're going to make of life? It's a funny world, John. You'll probably hate it."

"I like it all right," said John.

"You don't know anything about it. You haven't begun yet."

He went silent, as though thoughtful, and then rattled his forefinger in his ear as though there was water there "As a matter of fact—I have."

She stopped and faced him.

"What, John, not in love?"

"Good lord, no!" He seemed to get a little shorter at the suggestion. "No; as a matter of fact, I've—well, I've written a book."

A book! Something peculiar happened to her heart.

"As a matter of fact," said John, speaking quickly, "I've been wanting to tell you for some time. It's——"

"But I don't want you to write books," cried Sylvia Richardson. And her face was white.

"It's published," said John. He began fumbling in his

(*Continued on page 370*)

BY WILL OWEN

"My wife was playing Bridge last night . . ."
"Sorry, old man, I haven't got a cent!"

PARIS GOSSIP

MAUGHAMER AND WARNER

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrated by KIPPA

"He just cannot help painting"

"THE LETTER" of Somerset Maugham is at the Athenée, with Madeleine Soria and Lucien Rosenberg, which makes two English successes in Paris, for people are quite astounded at *Journey's End* and perhaps will no longer accuse the English of being hypocritical. The French largely stamp the English and Americans as stupid and childish, whereas deep down they realise there is a deal of cool subtlety behind it all. Children are never hypocrites. It is the French who are naïve. They think that nothing literal or actual can be a success without a bedroom scene being introduced in it.

As for *The Letter,* although Mr. Maugham is probably the British dramatist best known to the French public after Bernard Shaw, Maugham may even ascend to the French celestial preserve of art because a Chinese troupe has been imported, and whenever Parisians see anything of any odd colour they think it is artistic.

OF course for years there has been a self-conscious fad for what the heavy-weight around the head and bantam-weight around the chest art critics call "candid naïveté," to the financial glory of abnormal children and subnormal adults who can whittle away at a piece of old wood and turn out an African mask . . . In fact, the most chic doll in Paris is the African abnormality sold at "Le Jockey" for forty francs, so all the wise young men rather painfully buy them for their girl friends, saying patronisingly, "Of course it's only a caricature, but how amusing!" The young men do not realise how really wise they are, for they are buying for forty francs this African doll which is only "amusing," while in the Rue la Boetie they would have to pay one hundred times that for an African mask from the same Montmârtre or Montparnasse factory.

I MUST be quite frank in admitting that it was merely to kill a half-hour or so that I went into the George Bernheim Gallery, not even knowing what pictures were on exhibition. And the painted marvel that I saw there caused me to arrive at a tea-party in time for dinner.

NOW I have never sailed the South Seas, and geographically the comparison is all wrong, but I had the same wide-eyed shock as the man in the Moon and Sixpence had when he sailed right in on Gaugin's paintings. For I suddenly saw before me the work of a negro who is nothing but another Giotto. And I should not say negro either, for that smacks of the new black magic. These paintings are by a real nigger, a really shiny, naked black nigger from the Soudan. His name is Kalifala Sidibé, and he has funny little black babies and puts his paintings on the thatched roof of his Niger-side hut to dry.

He has never seen a painting, nor a picture of one. He hasn't an idea in his head except the beauty of the jungle and the river and the tribesmen and the animals before him. He just cannot help painting. He crouches down with the brush and raw colours used to mark plantation sacks. He seems to have written down his feelings, for on calico he writes pictorially, like the Hindus and Persians.

EVERYBODY knows that the Comédie Française has been dying on its feet. It has been having internal complications, even trouble with its lungs, for some of the Sociétaires say that the only thing to save it from a final moral and artistic death is to hire out the cast and repertoire for talkies. Not being able to make good silent pictures, I do not see how the French can hope to make talkies. A petition to the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts has been published in *Les Nouvelles Litteraires* asking for the installation as head of the Comédie the most intelligent, the most honourable, the most completely artistic actor-manager in France, Jacques Copeau. And as this appeal is signed by the greatest actors, artists, composers, poets, painters, critics and novelists in France, including Georges Auric, Gaston Baty, the Princess Bibesco, Edouard Bourdet, Francis Carco, André Gide, Arthur Honegger, Marie Laurencin, Paul Morand, Jean Cocteau, Valéry Larbaud, Bernard Zimmer, Elie Faure and Paul Claudel, perhaps the Government, which rather

(Continued on page 362)

"Kissing is to be taboo in France, it seems"

Angelo

ZELDA AND JOHN JUAN

The clever young dancers who are now appearing at the Café de Paris. They were formerly at the Carlton, where their remarkable dancing made them very popular

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 360)

THE "TIGER" TAKES UP THE PEN

"Autumn visitors"

stingily subsidises the Théâtre Français, will allow its citizens and visitors to wake up and dream in the theatre instead of falling asleep in it.

NAPOLEON once gave this bit of ethnological advice: "People should speak many languages," he said, "but patriotically. . . ." Of course, this order was given to the French, but the whole world seems to live up to it. For although the summer invasion has receded, the autumn army of strangers is in Paris. Painters are back from Brittany (Brittany must be *so* tired of being painted) to arrange for exhibitions, to fill the Dôme and the Coupole with their æsthetic experiences with the sea and sky and less ethereal battles with mosquitoes and the quaint plumbing of Breton inns, and to buy more paints before starting off for Aix-en-Provence or Doubs, where they all think they will turn out Cèzannes and Renoirs. Chauvinistically accented chatter is now in Paris, all over the Ritz, the Rue de la Paix, the restaurants and night clubs. Everywhere French, with English, Greek, Spanish, and Polish accents is heard, for now is the time for all good women to come to the aid of their parties, dressily speaking. For a few weeks the couturiers and modistes have been madhouses while the women from across the frontiers of fashion battle for their wardrobes in time to return to their own capitals to crush their less lucky compatriots.

OF course the French are back from their chateaux. Now and then one does hear French-French spoken in Paris. They came back to see Briand's Cabinet fall, and the victory of Radical-Socialist Daladier, who at the time of writing does not know if mere Socialists will be allowed in. It has all been quite cannily planned at Rheims. Strangely enough at Rheims, the capital of Champagne, the Church, and where Jeanne d'Arc had "her King crowned," the recent Radical Congress was held, and from there began the storm that was to swamp Briand.

While Clemenceau, too old to fight, but not too old to write (he is now at work on the last volumes of his beautifully named "Au Soir de la Pensée"), in his Paris house in the Rue Franklin, and Poincaré's state of health "remains stationary," Briand, whom I have heard called the only Frenchman with a European mind, evidently knew what was coming. He entered the Chamber smiling, and made straight for his party opponent, Paul-Boncour. He grinned and said, "Vous voulez déjàme, renverser?" and Paul-Boncour replied agreeably, "Non! non! mon cher prèsident, ce n'est pas pour aujourd'hui." But it was, and it was all about money.

KISSING is to be taboo in France, it seems. Whether Anita Loos' cynicism is the cause, or the raucous repetition of the hand-kissing song on gramophones in every flat in Paris, I do not know. Paul Reboux has written a few words about the custom. "Men kiss indiscriminately," he says. "Some do it to show off their height, and go jumping about salons as if they were doing Swedish exercises. To kiss a lady's hand because of her rank causes jealousies. But most important, no gallantry accorded a woman for her beauty is worth the enmity her knight of the moment unwittingly creates for her."

OF course, the hand of the jeune fille is never kissed. That is where American girls, in their ignorance, are fooled completely. Oh, yes, it happened to me! The first Frenchman I met in France was Bernard Boutet de Monvel, the artist. I call him Beauté de Monvel, but he doesn't know it. He is very handsome, and looks exactly like his drawings. I still recall the hurt moment when he did not kiss my hand. . . .

Stage Photo Co.

Ivor Novello, who scores a hit in his own play, "Symphony in Two Flats," seen as David Kennard, the young composer, scoring a sheet of music

JAZZ NOTES

BY PUYS

"My castle in Spain
Is a shack down the lane"

"HE'S MINE," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

Tallulah Bankhead has returned to Town in this farce adapted from the French by Arthur Wimperis. Leon Heron here shows some of the principal characters, in which the heroine has few principles and a bad character

FOOTLIGHT FABLES

HANNEN SWAFFER

Writes on Imaginary Visions of the Stage

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

"'What can I do for you?' asked Willie"

CROWDS were pouring from Wyndham's Theatre and the Hippodrome opposite, and motor 'buses and taxicabs thronged Charing Cross Road. Thousands were intent merely on getting home.

The smiling commissionaire at Wyndham's chased taxicabs in vain. All was bustle and push.

No one noticed that, just round the corner, stood the fastest motor car in London. No one saw that, near the driver, a machine-gun pointed its nose from a swivel, and that, inside, two black-moustached men waited with bombs beside them, and that through the nozzle of a tube was the way to cylinders of murderous gas.

"She won't be long now," said one of the black-moustached men to the other. "The great secret will soon be ours."

"Yes, just a bit of luck," said the other, "and the fortune is within our grasp."

Years of planning were behind them. Achievement just round the corner.

"She's late," said one of the men, "but she always walks this way."

He opened the car's door and stood outside.

"Now's the time," he said.

A WOMAN was coming round the corner.

He grabbed her, pushed her into the car. There was a screech, a leap forward. London's greatest crime story had begun.

The woman inside their car did not tremble or shake. She clenched her teeth. She did not scream. She had been prepared for this, for years.

Nothing stopped the car—no policeman's hand, no traffic jam. It went forward like a thunderbolt.

The two men gripped the woman's hands.

Soon they were out of London. Still, the car went on. . . .

Inside the house to which they took her was a library full of books—*The Flying Squad's Death Knell, Demon Detective* 604, *The Last Derby Of All, The* 44 *Just Men.* There were rows and rows of them.

The woman saw, too, large framed photographs of Gordon Harker in *The Ringer* and Gordon Harker was in *The Calendar,* all the policemen in *Persons Unknown,* police station scenes, police court scenes, inquest scenes, photographs of bodies lying on all sorts of ground.

The books bore a thousand titles, but only one author's name.

It was with a look of pride that the woman glanced around. She felt at home.

"Now we shall know," said the men both at once—"only she can tell."

They fingered implements of torture one by one. They bound the woman up.

"Do you know why we have brought you here?" they asked the woman.

"Yes," she said. "I have been expecting this for years."

"Are you going to tell?"

"No," she said, defiantly.

"You are Mrs. Edgar Wallace," said one of the men.

"I am," confessed the woman.

"Then tell us, and the fortune is ours. Where does Edgar Wallace get his plots?"

The woman burst into tears at last.

"I am very sorry," she said, "but that is the only thing I do not know."

S

I WENT into one of those caravanserai where a score of banquets take place every night, where dentists assemble by the hundred to test their own teeth, where coroners meet to hold inquests on dead grouse, and where all the gloom and sepulchralness of the world tries to organise itself into post-prandial merriment.

Undertakers dined in one room, plumbers in another, missionaries in a third, and then, from inside the fourth door into which I looked gloom streamed out and almost hit me in the eye.

Someone who stood up was speaking, and all his listeners were in tears. It sounded like one long agony of remorse.

"What on earth is that?" I asked.

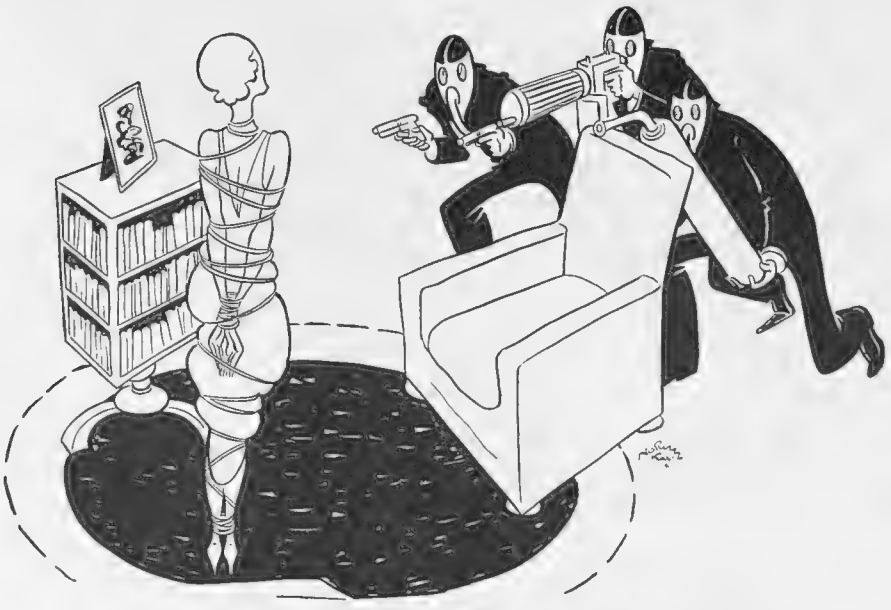
"That is the annual meeting of the 'Charley's Aunt' Club," they said. "They've all been doing it for fifty years, and now they're plucking up courage to do it again next Christmas."

S

A MAN walked into Willie Clarkson's shop and demanded to see the great perruquier himself.

No, no one else would do, not the man who dressed you up as Little Lord Fauntleroy to go to a party with the Bright Young Things, not even the man whose job it was to disguise people

MEMORIES OF A SEPTUAGENARIAN



"'Then tell us, and the fortune is ours. Where does Edgar Wallace get his plots?'"

as themselves when Fashion went out of date, but the great Willie, whose blond whiskers really grew on him, and whose complexion was so genuine that no one believed in it.

The man was shown past the rooms in which a hundred fancy dress balls were buried, past all the photographs of Sarah Bernhardt and Shirley Kellogg, into the great man's own private room.

"What can I do for you?" asked Willie.

"Do you do the black eyes?" asked the customer.

"Yes," replied Willie. "I've painted out thousands. The beefsteak method is no good. I've painted black eyes off peers and pugilists. It lasts for a whole morning."

"I don't want one painted out," replied the man, "I want one painted on. And it's got to last not for a morning but right through the year. I am a dramatic critic, and now that these American face-slapping actresses are coming over, I have got to have one, or my editor will not believe I have been earning my salary."

S

THE variety agent's office was crowded. There were crowds outside, all waiting their chance of an interview, although "No more to-day" was on a wall. Inside the agent was addressing a mob of anxious men and women.

"It's no good," he said. "The classes are full up. You'll have to wait for weeks before you can join. We've had to raise the prices to keep the crowds away. Besides, the market's getting overstocked. Three hundred and thirty-five passed in American pronunciation last week."

Yet, loud though was the weeping, there was louder lamentation in another room.

"There's only one bottle left," said a perspiring man, while a line of assistants kept a roomful of anxious folk in check. "That will do for two of you. All the rest must wait for the next supply."

"I've spent £200 learning to talk American," said a one-time coster comedian. "Wasn't that enough? Then they started this negro boom, and charged us for lessons in how to look like coons. Now the black stuff's given out! We shall starve!"

Just then the last bottle dropped on the floor. It fell into an inky pool, but before a finger could use even a trace of it, it was weakened by the water of a hundred despairing eyes.

Two real negroes walked past in the street outside.

"Just then the last bottle dropped on the floor"

"We must make the best of the boom," they said. "They'll be petting Eskimos next year."

S

THE Burglars' Union was in secret session in the centre of a Corner House, where no one would see. It was protesting, no, not against the activities of the Flying Squad, nor the zest and earnestness of Viscount Byng, but the fact that no actresses had been losing their jewellery lately.

"It isn't fair," said one. "If the police don't have to waste their time on all these fake cases, how the devil can we get away with the real jobs?"

"The trouble is that, in these days, actresses have no jewels to lose," explained another. "Since they started earning decent salaries they can't afford to get talked about. And you know what people think if a woman wears jewels. Why, they might even say that her father gave them to her. And respectability would kill the theatre!"

S

IT was my seventieth birthday. They had brought me some hot-water bottles as presents, and nice woolly gloves.

They chatted little bits about the past, the past when people paid to go in theatres, before they started insisting on having a ten-shilling note given away with every ticket, of the times before chucker-in came into vogue, and before the theatre followed you home by suddenly appearing on a wall when you pressed the wrong button.

"Did you really like the theatre," said someone filing by my invalid chair. "You were the product of a hard, long-suffering race."

"Did you ever see Sarah Siddons?" someone else began.

"Did they really act Shakespeare once?" was another problem.

I did not remember.

S

RIGHT at the end of a long queue of callers was a sweet-faced smiling woman leading a tall youth. I heard the "Mrs." when she introduced herself, but did not catch the name. Yet I liked the look of her. It reminded me of Queen Victoria.

"I've brought my son to see you," she said. "He's going into the Church. We know a nice bishop who will look after him."

My eyes looked upon sedate middle-age, a nice bun at the back, a dress that fitted perfect motherhood.

"Don't you remember me?" went on the voice.

'No, my dear," I said, "I have seen many women in my time."

"But you used to write the most terrible things about me once," she explained. "Of course it's a long time ago, and time heals all wounds. In our hectic days you used to call me Tallulah Bankhead. Won't you come to tea one day? My husband gets home from the bank soon after four."

ERMETO

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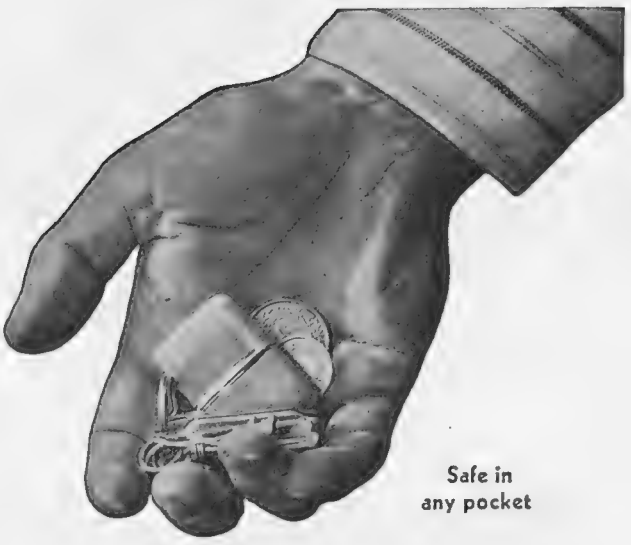

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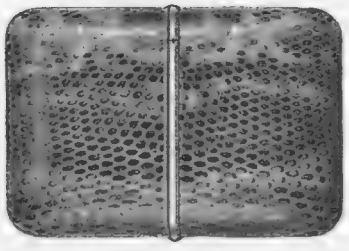
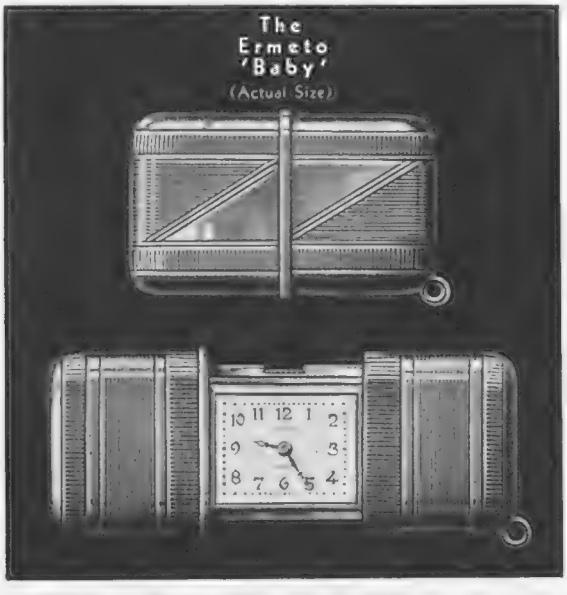


Silver, covered Lizard



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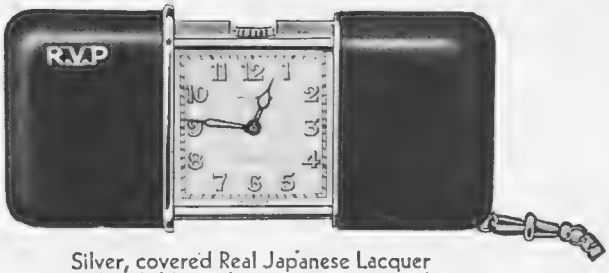

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HUNTING NOTES By "Bridle"

Lady Irene Cubitt and Lord Hillingdon at the opening meet of the Bicester. It took place last week at Stratton Audley

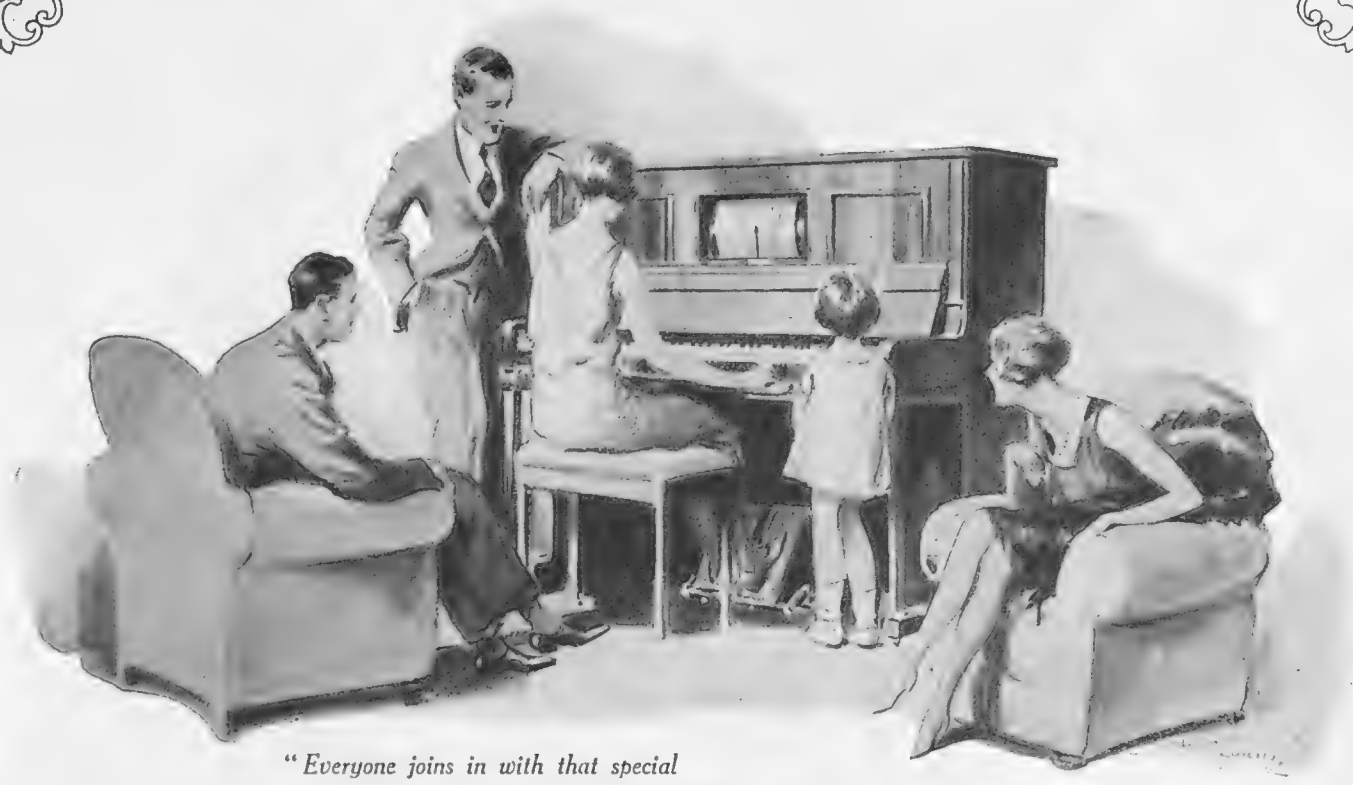
I HAVE been requested to mention the fact that the Belvoir Hunt has just issued a circular asking followers of the pack to assist in maintaining the goodwill of covert owners, farmers and others over whose land hounds hunt by avoiding unnecessary damage to property, fences and stock. Last season there were many complaints made about gates being left open and stock straying.

I WOULD also ask all hunting readers of THE BYSTANDER to help the farmers, through what is undoubtedly a very distressing period in the agricultural industry, by purchasing from them direct when possible not only horses and forage, but also such produce as butter, eggs, cheese, bacon, etc. It may be suggested by some people who are not acquainted with the existing conditions of agriculture that the farmer is a "grouser" by nature. He may be perhaps, but living as I do in the heart of an agricultural district, I have no hesitation in saying that he has very much to "grouse" about at the present time. Nor are his future prospects particularly bright, especially under a Socialist Government, the members of which, with a cynical smile, admit that his position is intolerable.

The late Mrs. Viccars, whose tragic death in the hunting field whilst out with the Quorn occurred last week. Both she and her husband, Major J. E. Viccars, of Ingarsby Old Hall, were very well known and popular in Hunting circles

ACCORDING to the calendar of the chase, cub hunting, which forms such an important phase in the education of Sir Reynard the fox and his natural enemy the foxhound, gave place to the regular hunting season on November 1. Owing to the dry and hard going and poor scenting conditions which obtained very generally, both in the Shires and the provinces, not a few hunts postponed their opening meets to later dates in the month, the Kirby Gate fixture of the Quorn, for example, having been altered to a week ahead of the scheduled date. There was not sufficient rain during the past month to render the ground soft enough for safe galloping; indeed, what little fell on the surface made the going, especially in landing on a greasy patch, distinctly dangerous. At the time of writing these Notes, however, rain is pouring in torrents, and has been doing so for nearly twenty-four hours. If the downfall is generally distributed it should greatly improve both scent and going, while, if followed by a frost, it will cause the coverts and fences to be less blind than they are at present.

NOTWITHSTANDING the before-mentioned drawbacks to hunting, several of the Midland packs have experienced very fair sport since the finish of the cubbing season. The Meynell, whose record, by the way, of 40½ brace of cubs and three and a half brace of badgers, will take a lot of beating I fancy, have already shown one or two rattling spins to big fields, as have also the Fernie, the Belvoir, the Rufford, the Blankney, the Burton, the Brocklesby, and several other packs. The last-named hounds, like the Meynell, have also accounted for their full share of cubs in a total of 28 brace. Gloom has been cast over hunting circles in the Shires by the fatal accident sustained by Mrs. Viccars, while hunting with the Quorn on the 4th inst. Mrs. Viccars, who was the wife of Major J. E. Viccars, of Ingarsby Old Hall, Leicestershire, was a brilliant rider-to-hounds and a general favourite in the Melton district. In taking a fence near Gaddesby Spineys her head struck a low-hanging branch of a tree, and she was killed instantly. Hounds were stopped, and the Duke of Gloucester, who happened to be one of the field, but who did not witness the accident, expressed deep sympathy with Major Viccars. This is the third fatal accident which has occurred to women followers of the Quorn since the season of 1926.



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RE-CREATION (continued from page 358)

pocket and produced a newspaper cutting stuck to a little slip of green paper. He held it out.

Mechanically she took it.

"A first novel. If Mr. John A. Richardson was not demonstrably (from interior evidence) a young man, we might be tempted into the paths of spiritualism, into a belief that the late G. W. Bailey had in some mysterious way 'come back.' The similarities, both in theme and treatment, to that colossus of the Edwardian era are really extraordinary. There are passages when it is almost impossible not to be convinced that it is the great G. W. B. himself who speaks."

The print went dim across the paper. John's words came to her from some tremendous distance. They were the same as G. W. Bailey's out of the past. "Why, whatever's the matter? Are you ill or something?"

Inside her mind she shrieked, "Stop! I didn't mean to kill you. I swear I didn't. G. W. B.! *G. W. B.!* Don't look like that; I didn't have *time*—— Oh, God, what am I saying?" She put her closed hands to her temples and stood there swaying.

"Why don't you say something?" cried John. "What's the matter?"

Hadn't she said that at all? It seemed that her voice had echoed about the hillside. Nerves! She made the supreme effort. "I'm glad, John. That's wonderful." Should she tell him? Now! Now! "John——"

"I say, Mother, whatever is it?" She knew he was looking with startlement into her face.

"Have you ever read anything by—G. W. Bailey?"

He laughed. "Is that all? Oh, lord, yes. Almost everything. I've got rather a pash for him, to tell you the truth. I like his early stuff. All those things about the w-world state, 'The Angel of the Apocalypse.' They're such frightfully good stories. And, of course, he was *right*. He *knew*. That's what's so——"

She interrupted him. "It's all rather old, isn't it, John?" She was going to tell him when she got her chance. She was going to say, "G. W. Bailey was your father. I killed him. I killed him because I gave him my personality, and that's too much to give to a man who isn't faithful. And now I've made him all over again. *You're* G. W. Bailey. You're *all* G. W. Bailey. There's nothing of me in you."

"Old!" he said. "My dear mother, he's youth. He's in the future. My hat! the world hasn't anything like caught up with him yet."

"It never will," she heard herself say aloud. She was speaking with two voices. And in her mind, "That's punishment. That's the tragedy of woman. I thought I'd made a man. I didn't. I killed him, and now he's made himself all over again. That's immortality. I thought I could kill G. W. B. I couldn't. Life goes on——"

"I don't see why not. His message was true. So true that it's not affected by time. It's as true to-day as it w-was then. Hang it, truth's immortal! I say, don't let's talk about that. Let's talk about me. I want you to read my book. It's in the car. I am so damned excited I can hardly stand on two legs. And I've got a hundred orders, and more to come. That's pretty good for a first novel. And Bellamy says——" He went on talking, but she did not listen.

She must tell him. It would make things easier. She couldn't bottle it up any longer.

He stood aside to let her pass through the narrow door. Inside was the cool smell of cottages, the cheerful, domestic stuffiness of little places, the fuggy feel of small rooms with small windows. She went into the library, and he followed, voluble with youth. What a thing to have life all over again, to have youth, to have a chance to do things differently. This young man had youth. John had life in front of him. His first novel——

"And I've signed up for the next two books on the same terms. I can't help it if my stuff's like G. W. B.'s. That's a compliment. I'll go on spreading the gospel of G. W. B. I'll go on where he left off. I'll——"

Could she tell him this thing? Spoil his chances? Make him hate her? Wreck things when they were going smoothly? Would God give her strength to go on, and bottle this up just a little longer? She trembled on the lip of this decision. Yet she must tell him. "John!"

"Hullo?"

She bowed her head to the inevitable.

"You must read it to me," she said.

A. G.

MONTE CARLO

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SHOOTING NOTES

SHOOTING BY CAR

By "Clodhopper"

(Below) Lady Dunleath receiving a bird from her Labrador bitch, Ballywalter Bess, at the Ulster Gun Dog League Retriever Trials, which were held at Langford Lodge, Crumlin, the residence of Col. H. A. Pakenham, C.M.G. (Above) Captain S. Parker-Beggs's cross-breed retriever, Michael of Tamnamore, retrieving

Photographs *L.N.A.*

THERE still remain in the bin of life a few dozen of what a wine merchant student of anthroposophy might, perhaps, describe as "an old-crusted and curious vintage of die-hard sportsmen" who, being no longer able to hunt, shoot, or fish themselves, are very apt to decry every modern method adopted by devotees of field-sport to-day. These hardy veterans will hark back to the "good old days" of hacking to covert, travelling on wheels behind a plodding trapper, to some distant meet of hounds or shooting party and back in rain, hail, snow, or sunshine; shooting partridges over dogs; and many other obsolete, slow, and uncomfortable customs of their more youthful days as having been *the* methods of true sportsmanship. As for such innovations as motor cars—well, are they not in the eyes of some of the old school of sportsmen at least a malodorous, scent-foiling, sport-spoiling, and hound-maiming invention of his Satanic Majesty himself?

S

THE covert-hack, like the road-coach and post-chaise, may be said to have passed at the advent of improved conditions in railway travelling; and it was, unless I am mistaken, that great foxhunter and all-round sportsman, the ninth Duke of Beaufort, who said in effect that a comfortable railway coach was the best of all covert-hacks. One's personal experience of hacking to covert has been confined to jogging to distant cubbing meets during the earlier hours of the morning. But I must confess that a six- or eight-mile ride over trappy road-waste and greasy, tar-sprayed highway in the uncertain light of a mid-October morning, and, perchance, through a cold drizzle of rain or a wet, marrow-chilling mist, appeals to me not at all.

S

IN one's salad days, when motor cars were well-nigh undreamed-of luxuries, one had either to drive to distant sporting fixtures which happened to be out of reach of a railway station or remain at home. To one fond of horses there was certainly a fascination in driving a fast-trotting nag or a pair of well-matched hackneys over the country roads on a crisp late autumn or winter's morning. On the other hand, I, even as a youngster, failed to find the slightest pleasure at the finish of a long day in driving home on a pitch-black night through blinding rain, hail, or snow. No, to say the least of it, travelling by road under such conditions was not undiluted enjoyment; and although comparisons may be odious, and with, of course, all respect to the unquestionably great sporting attributes of the fine old Victorian sportsmen, I maintain that the average hunting and shooting man of to-day, notwithstanding his modern methods of "doing things" and his mechanically driven "covert-hack," is not one whit behind his forefathers in regard to sportsmanship and prowess in the field.

S

AS an example of the sporting utility of a fast car, I may mention that a certain canny Scottish friend of mine (I trust he will not read these Notes), although holding a gun in an excellent syndicate shoot, has a wonderful nose for scenting very choice little bits of snipe and duck shooting that are to be hired at a nominal rental. Distance is a very secondary consideration with this enthusiastic snipe shot, who happens to be the fortunate owner of a perfect gem of a "Silver Eagle" sports model. Though residing in the heart of the Midlands and a good eighty miles as the crow flies from the East Coast, my friend from the Land o' Cakes has for several seasons past hired the sporting rights over a few hundred acres of marshes on the southern shore of the Humber, the dykes of which during favourable weather hold a fair number of duck and snipe.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING HINT

ONE'S OWN SHOOTING DOG.

THOSE who attend Field Trials as spectators desirous of gaining hints are often confused as to the policy they can most profitably adopt. Must they strive to instil into their own dog the passive and almost inert, certainly unenterprising, attitude they have noted in the leading performers? Or is discipline carried to such lengths at the expense of game finding? They suspect some such antagonism, because they see birds lost which they feel convinced their dog would have retrieved. They chafe at delay while scent is hot and wonder whether the enthusiastic temperament they know so well would stand the strain. Granted the many and varied handicaps against which the conductors of trials labour and the undoubted value of what they achieve, the wise one-dog owner will frame a midway policy for his own handling. Some valuable lessons on the degree of control that is possible will be taken to heart. Dogs must wait for orders, they must deny themselves the pleasures of chase, the susceptibilities of companion guns must be studied, when all has been safeguarded there is abundant scope for game-finding and the unrestrained initiative the faculty connotes. High training means many weary hours confined to kennel, with sundry other restrictions which are painful to enforce. These cut against the grain. One would sooner trust the animal's intelligence to recognise when serious work is afoot and when subservience beyond the ordinary is required. This attitude is right, its success is measured by game finding.

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FLYING NOTES

Amateurs of the Air. Private owners and club members at The Haycock, Wansford, where seven machines landed recently for lunch

A Cirrus - engined Dornier light flying boat for two passengers and pilot in flight

Aeroplane

WANTED—AIR WORDS

By Capt. C. E. Ward

OXFORD having become famous throughout the world for permanent things such as an accent and for matters of the moment like "bags," it is quite within the keeping of its traditions to develop what is commonly known as "air-mindedness," a horrible word sadly in need of some synonym. Having acquired a very pleasant room as a lecture hall from the Air Ministry, the Oxford University Air Squadron is now well equipped for theoretical as well as practical work, and one commends to it in its spare time the fascinating hobby of coining words for a new science. After giving "air-mindedness" a decent funeral, members might turn their attention to "private aeroplane owner," for which we need one word similar to motorist or yachtsman. Some people refer to all aircraft operating from the water as "seaplanes," which I think is correct, and yet the Air Ministry refer to marine aircraft with hulls as "flying boats," and anything a little bigger than its predecessor is called by everyone a "flying ship" or an "air liner," whether it is designed to alight on the water or does so merely by accident. The Americans have just adopted "emplane" and "deplane," which aren't too bad and have obvious meanings, but what is the difference between an "aerodrome," an "airport," and an "air park"? If you tell your cousin from the country that you've bought an "amphibian," he'll say vaguely that England is too cold for turtles! It's all very confusing, and its quite time that some intelligent body took a live interest in the matter, otherwise the B.B.C. will find an excuse for a new department.

International Air Racing

NEWS that the Air Ministry will not enter an official team for the Schneider Trophy race in 1931 comes as rather a blow. Yet it isn't the business of governments to encourage speed for its own sake unless it brings some definite benefit to the nation, and in the case of air racing performance is so far ahead of its application to normal service or civil possibilities that a halt may very well be called for a year or so. The United States has not entered an official team since 1925, but their aviation industry is the most prosperous in the world, partly because of concentration on commercial possibilities. Our success in the last two contests has brought us considerable prestige, but few orders, and those for engines rather than aircraft. As the Italian Government will probably decide not to enter again, the next race will either be a walk-over for France, or the various Aero Clubs will put up machines, financed by sportsmen, as was the original intention underlying Jacques Schneider's gift.

Country Notes

MR. STOREY, of Hythe, the first pupil trained by the Cinque Ports Club, was touring the Continent recently with the Club's Hon. Treasurer. Three new lady members are under instruction at the Club, Miss M. M. Noakes, Miss M. Turner, of Maidstone, and Miss S. E. Aitken, of Horley, Surrey. The neighbourhood of Glasgow has presented the Scottish Club with 145 hours of average autumn visibility, during which time Miss E. A. R. Anderson qualified as the second woman in Scotland to be awarded an "A" licence. There are rumours of a club for Hertfordshire, sponsored by Mrs. Faulconer. The Midland Aero Club with 150 hours' flying at Castle Bromwich included four pupils for "A" licences, one of whom was Mrs. R. Vereker. Quite a number of the ladies would take their "B" licences, but there doesn't seem much scope for them as commercial pilots at present. The only advice one can offer is emigration to the U.S.A., where anyone can do exactly what they choose in the only medium where liberty still exists—the air.

BY A. DAVIS

FALLING LEAVES

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

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NAVY CUT

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Fashions Fancies

STAMPED VELVET EXPRESSES THE AFTERNOON MODE

Nothing is more becoming than the lustrous softness of velvet. It is used in a lovely honey shade, by Peter Robinson, for this charming jumper frock, ornamented with cut steel buttons and delicate lace. Watered velvet, one of the Season's new fabrics, makes the sapphire blue bridge suit in the foreground, with a deep roll collar and novel cuffs of pale grey fur

Short Gloves and Massive Jewels

By Olive Caley Smith

A slender coat in black pony skin which is typical of the splendid "Artemis Fashion Furs"

Crystal on Black Frocks

THERE is an air of distinction about an ebon-hued gown, no matter when nor how often it may be worn. Which is why the vogue for black never dies out. It will be seen a great deal this season, and one cannot but welcome it, especially when it is used by such an artist as Marguerite, the well-known London authority on dress, who has a true appreciation of its beauty and its possibilities. At a mannequin parade staged at Soso's she showed some lovely afternoon and evening ensembles in black ring velvet and in lace, the majority of which showed a refreshing absence of exaggeration. Handsome bracelets and massive necklaces formed what was practically an intrinsic part of many of her frocks, a particularly attractive example being a twisted rope of shaded silver, steel, and black beads, worn with a graceful sheath dress. Beautifully draped tissue turbans looked remarkably effective when worn with three-quarter length brocaded coats.

New Evening Gloves

THERE can be no doubt about the accuracy of the predicted return of evening gloves, nor of the awkwardness and the expense of very long ones, for surely they must rank among the most tyrannical of women's accessories. The problem is solved in a wholly delightful manner by a famous Parisian designer, who is sponsoring wrist-length gloves of finest white kid, adorned with pear-shaped crystal beads in colours to harmonise with the gown they accompany. They are narrowly bound with matching kid, and fastened with small crystal buttons. Others are embroidered in seed pearls and petit point, or are set into broad marcasite bracelets.

Indispensable Furs

NO woman will be able to get through this winter without turning her attention to furs, for negligées, evening frocks, and wraps are all lavishly adorned with various pelts, and fur coats are more important than ever. The art of choosing such coats is one that should be carefully studied, and, since a little knowledge is a very dangerous thing, one should make a point of only buying those that have been manufactured by an established reliable firm. "Artemis Fashion Furs" banish all possibility of mistakes and disappointments, for each bears a label guaranteeing that it conforms in every detail of origin and quality to its description. They range in price from 18 to 500 guineas, the beautiful pony skin model at the head of this page costing 20 guineas, and they are obtainable practically everywhere. A very interesting brochure will be sent gratis and post free to readers of this paper who apply to "Artemis Fashion Furs," 10-18 Goswell Road, E.C.

Tailor-mades Triumph

NOT for several seasons has irreproachable tailoring been as necessary as it is now, for not only our coats and suits, but also our house frocks are skilfully cut on intricately simple lines. At Studd and Millington's, 51, Conduit Street, whose reputation is a most enviable one, the very latest designs in every sort of tweed, homespun, and suiting may be studied at leisure. At the foot of this page is an admirable double-breasted costume in fine wool suiting overchecked with orange. The slanting pockets and the arrangement of the skirt pleats add to its distinction. The serviceable long coat is in a grey and blue herringbone tweed, enriched with a roll collar of grey lamb. It is beautifully warm and very light in weight.

Blue and grey herringbone tweed, trimmed with grey lamb, makes the long coat, the fawn suit being overchecked with orange. They come from Studd and Millington

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A Little Nonsense Now and Then . . .

By Ralph Straus

Hudson Studio

MISS AGNES LOGAN

The author of "The Necessary Man," a clever first novel published by Nisbet (7s. 6d.)

IT would seem that most foreigners regards us as singularly difficult creatures. They find it difficult to believe that we ever open our mouths to laugh. Slow grins may occasionally be seen on our stiff and stern faces, and a chuckle now and then may be heard in the land (if our ever-present fogs be not too thick to deaden all sound), but in general, they say, we are a lugubrious lot.

ARE we? Sometimes, perhaps. It may be, as Mr. J. B. Priestley says in his *English Humour* (Longmans: 5s.) that our jokes have walls and hedges round them. We may keep ourselves too much to ourselves, as somebody doubtless once said on the music-hall stage. Even so, however, we have a goodly heritage in humour, as this neatly-contrived essay shows well enough. (It belongs, by the way, to the *English Heritage Series*, a new and most excellent undertaking, edited by Lord Lee and Mr. J. C. Squire, to which I would like to draw your particular attention. Four volumes—*Shakespeare, The English Public School,* and *English Wild Life* are the other three—are now ready to be put on your bookshelves.)

NOW I expect that you have noticed how dull this kind of historico-critical work can be in the hands of the wrong man. I have read learned disquisitions on wit and laughter which have bored me stiff. I have listened to lectures on "humour" with (alleged) illustrations, which have reduced even a well-fed and, therefore, not too critical audience to something as near to tears as postprandial conditions will allow. But Mr. Priestley, now, I am glad to see, comfortably seated amongst our best-sellers, has a way with him, and this little book of his shows you not only where our best humour is to be found, but in what ways it differs from that of other nations. It is another "good companion" for the bedside.

MISS RACHEL FERGUSON

Whose book, "Sara Skelton: The Autobiography of a Famous Actress," is reviewed on this page. It is a brilliant parody

AND this brings me to a new work of imagination which is an admirable example of English humour. It is one of the drollest books I have read for a long time. You know those incredibly pompous and self-laudatory volumes of reminiscences which stars of the stage are ill-advised enough to publish after their nearly final retirement? Well, read Miss Rachel Ferguson's wickedly clever parody of them, and you will have no need ever to read the genuine article again. *Sara Skelton: The Autobiography of a Famous Actress* (Besant: 5s.) is a priceless affair. True, it is not enriched with scores of unbelievable photographs of long ago, but in every other respect it has all the originals easily beaten. You read on and chuckle—all the time.

DEAR Sara, with her tempers and her innumerable lovers and her (apparently) parthenogenetic children. What a woman! What a career! And how pleasantly she conforms to all the best autobiographical conventions of the mid-Victorian era! Her delicate slabs of philosophy, her shrewd comments on the vagaries of human nature, her common-sense methods of dealing with vexed questions of morality, her superb *song freud,* as she herself might have said, at moments of danger—how delightfully they are presented to the reader! And how faithfully she, or rather her editress, whose work in *Punch* now appears with a signature—the surest sign of grace—renders the atmosphere of the stage! Even such printed criticisms (of herself) which she allows to be reproduced bear the genuine hall-mark.

MOREOVER, apart from her world-wide renown and in spite of a few understandable mistakes on Sara's part—such as the authorship of *Three Men in a Boat* being given to Kipling: surely the name should be Daniel Defoe?—there is abundant evidence to show that Miss Skelton—she could have been Dame Sara, it seems, but was a little too big for the title—is no ordinary woman. Who else could have described a rough sea in the Atlantic as "unfathomable gallons of angry ginger-beer"? Who else would dare to say of America that her "wines and spirits have now been removed"? Who, too, but she would have the courage to say what all of us think about Russian drama? Nobody. Sara deserves another whole book to herself, and I look forward to the day when she gets it.

THERE is also Professor Stephen Leacock's new book. Here, however, I am a little doubtful. Is *The Iron Man and The Tin Woman* (Lane: 7s. 6d.) really funny? Is it even more than mildly entertaining? To be candid, I am rather surprised to find myself writing in this way because I have been genuinely amused by more

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

than a few of the professor's earlier books. Yet with this one I skipped —more than once. It seemed to me that I had read all about these college stupidities and journalistic exaggerations and "scientific" prophesies before. The fun now seems to be a little forced, though the short guide to billiards is excellent nonsense.

Now there are people who will swear that P. G. Wodehouse is the funniest writer alive. There are others who will try manfully to read him, and wade drearily through a few chapters, and then with a sigh of relief send him back to the library. So, I suppose, it is with Leacock. But perhaps even a real Wodehouse fan sometimes tires of his Wodehouse, and I am afraid that I must have tired of my Leacock.

During the last week I seem to have been reading nothing but tales about farmers. Mr. Masefield has a new story about a farm—*The Hawbucks* (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.). I thought the actual story decidedly poor, and, to say truth, not quite credible, but I read it without skipping because there is something both vivid and lovely in its background.

Beautiful young ladies, I know, are apt to do very strange things, but Miss Carrie Harridew's choice of a husband is really too strange. She could have had an excellent fellow who shares all her tastes, including the chase. She could have had a decent squire, or any one of several nice youngsters. If she had wanted to be unduly romantic she could have taken an hysterical parson or a sheikh-like cad. Instead she chooses a really nasty outsider with a gift of the gab. I hope that Mr. Masefield will return to Santa Barbara for his next book.

A much more satisfactory tale of a farm is *The Necessary Man* (Nisbet: 7s. 6d.) by Agnes Logan. Here is a real good story told very well indeed. I know very little at first hand about farm life, but I soon found myself taking the strongest personal interest in Sandy Brocklebank's farm. Every member of his family, too, is good to meet. And Sandy's own trials and tribulations are subtly dramatic. This is a first novel, but you would hardly believe it. I can most cordially recommend it to you.

There is also a novel translated from the Irish. *The Small Field of Carrig* (Heath, Granton: 7s. 6d.) by E. MacLysaght, agreeably surprised me. I was prepared for something almost as harrowing as a real Russian tragedy: instead I found the delightfully varied life-story of an Irishman (told by himself), who after a good education, sinks a little way down, and is labourer, butler, chauffeur and tramp before he unexpectedly succeeds to the farm where once he had worked. His two romances go wrong, but he is happy enough on his own land. I enjoyed this book, not least because of the way of its telling. R. S.

Books and Their Authors

On November 15 John Lane will publish a new edition of *Something About Eve*, by James Branch Cabell, with twelve full-page illustrations reproduced in photogravure, and numerous illustrations in black and white in the text by Frank C. Pape. This well-known story by Cabell is admirably suited to illustration by its elusive imaginings and subtle irony, and Mr. Pape's drawings, by their minute presentation of detail and decorative effect, give concrete form to these fancies and aptly suggest the sly humour of the text.

❋

An illustrated edition of *Elsie and the Child*, the sequel to *Riceyman Steps*, by Arnold Bennett, is to be published by Cassells on November 14. The illustrations by E. Knight Kauffer have been produced by a stencil process which gives natural effects to the artist's work. The edition is limited to 750; numbers 1 to 100, signed by the author and artist, will be issued at five guineas each, and numbers 101 to 750 will be issued at two guineas each.

❋

Miss Mary Lee, whose prize-winning war novel, *It's a Great War*, will be published before Christmas, is a young American who served in a base hospital in Bordeaux, with the Air Service in Paris, and finally as Y.M.C.A. canteen worker in the zone of advance, and with the Army of Occupation in Germany. Since then she has done a lot of journalism of various kinds, from "covering" Mr. Baldwin on his American visit to being foreign correspondent in Italy and Greece to the well-known *New York Evening Post*. Her book is a sweeping survey of war behind the lines, a long novel of 690 pages, packed with incident and excitement. It was not written specially for the £5,000 War Novel Competition—in fact, she tells us the idea had been in her mind ever since she left France—but it was only completed in 1927, after several years' work.

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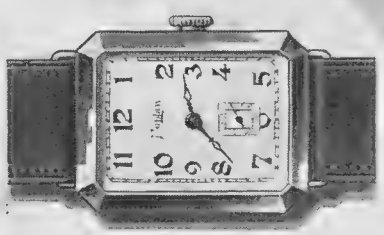

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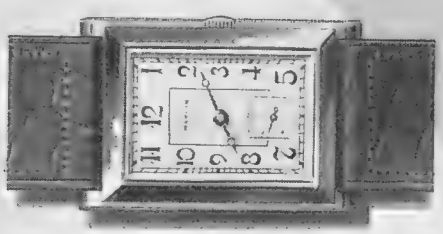

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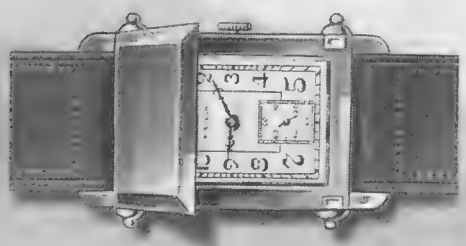

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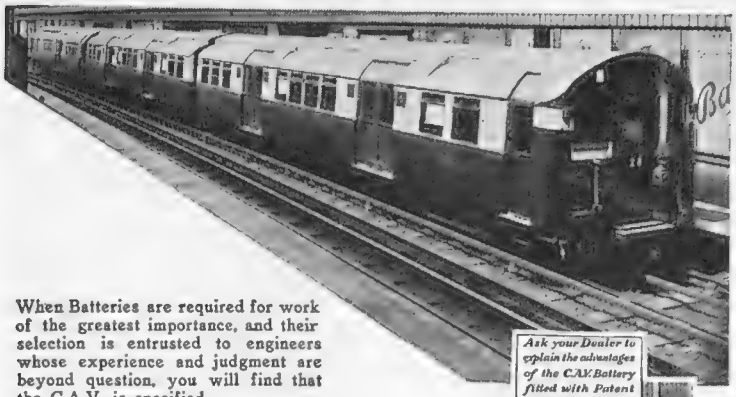

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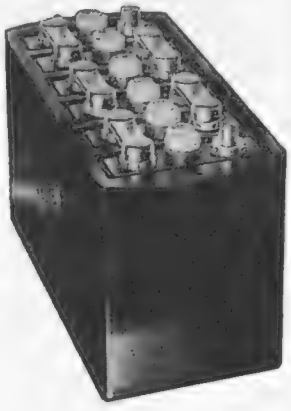

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MOTOR NOTES

The Gatehouse, which is all that remains of the famous old Boarstall Castle in Buckinghamshire. The car in the foreground, which brought a little party of sightseers, is a Morris-Cowley Saloon

GET ON WITH THE WAR!

By E. M. Wright

THE everlasting warfare which wages between pedestrian and motorist has grown more bitter of late, and now we have a Pedestrians' Association under the wing of Lord Cecil. Yet who is a pedestrian and who is a motorist? We are all of us for the greater part of the time pedestrians, and we are all of us to a greater or lesser extent motorists. The "motorist," however, will describe all pedestrians as "jay-walkers," and the "pedestrian" all motorists as "road hogs." Neither is right. Yet there is no denying that every year the toll of the road grows more alarming and, I fear, there is no denying, too, that for this the motor car is primarily responsible.

***

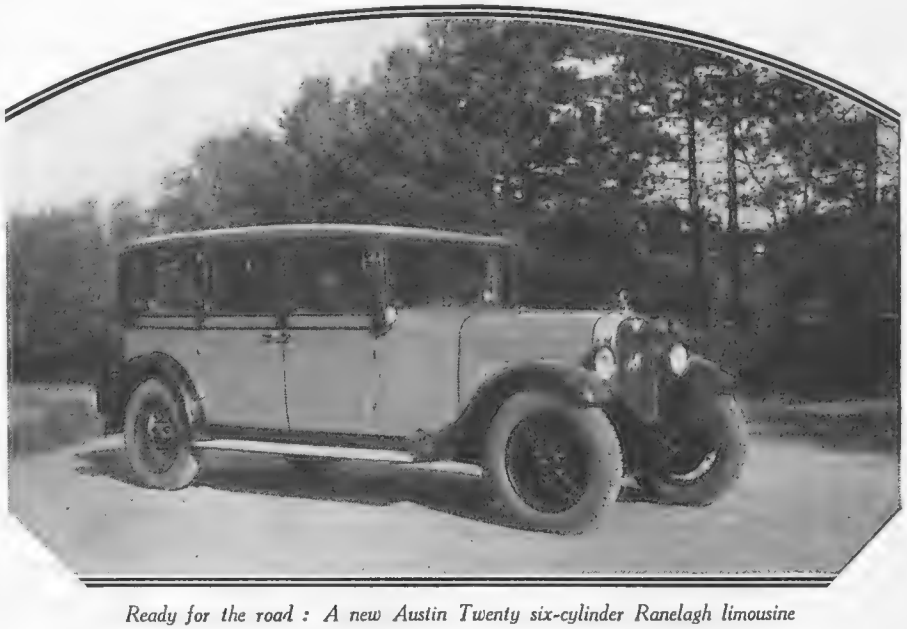
IT is not, of course, a question of "excessive speed" as it is generally understood. It is rather that *any* speed on occasion is dangerous. In fact, it has been conclusively proved that the majority of accidents occur at very moderate speeds. Five miles an hour can be, and often is, murderously dangerous—far more so than 60 or 70 m.p.h. under different circumstances. One mile an hour can cause an accident. A friend of mine, to take an example within my own knowledge, on starting up after a temporary halt nearly ran down a man making for a 'bus, though the speed of his car was not more than 5 m.p.h. and the man was doing at least four. He braked hard but skidded helplessly, and saw himself slowly but surely overtaking the pedestrian in front, who would not move aside but went straight ahead, hoping thus to outstrip the car. With his heart in his mouth my friend found himself apparently incapable of preventing a serious accident. But, as luck would have it, he was able finally to stop the car just as the radiator gave the victim a gentle push. Had the car been going a fraction faster it would have gone right over him!

MR. A. P. HERBERT, whom I have hitherto only met in a lighter vein, has denounced the speed of motor cars with pitiless logic in an article in a daily paper. Speed, he says, is responsible for the 170,976 road accidents in 1928—nearly double those of 1924. Therefore, he argues, "we should make no new concession to speed." He admits that the 20 m.p.h. limit is an unworkable anachronism, but, as he very truly points out, "nearly everybody nearly always drives too fast to avoid an accident if an accident offers itself." What is the solution? Mr. Herbert suggests fixing a limit of 30 m.p.h. and *enforcing it*. This might save a few lives; but surely, to quote his own words, such a speed would "nearly always" be "too fast to avoid an accident if an accident offers itself." The only absolutely effective solution would be to stop all traffic dead. And that, as Euclid would remark, is absurd.

***

THE problem must be faced, however. How are we to co-ordinate the apparently widely divergent needs of the pedestrian, who, however fast he moves, still runs the risk of being run down by something faster, and the motor car, which, however slowly it moves, is still a potential source of danger on account of its speed? You cannot banish either from the road. Each must be accommodated; but how? Mere restriction of speed will effect no appreciable improvement. The only possible means of solving the problem is by regulating traffic. But "traffic" must include not only motor cars but every sort of road user down to homeless dogs!

(*Continued on page* viii)



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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page vi)

MEANWHILE how are you to regulate even vehicle traffic successfully? The automatic signalling device is enjoying a tremendous vogue in the provinces. But it has grave defects. One is the difficulty of gauging the traffic. At many cross roads the time allowed for the flow in each direction will inevitably be too short in busy periods and quite unjustifiably long in the slack periods. Does not each situation offer grave temptation to the motorist in a hurry? Suppose he is at the end of a queue at a busy time and just misses his chance to cross before the signal changes. With nothing but a machine to witness his transgression is he not tempted to nip over before the cross-wise traffic has got under way? And suppose again he finds himself baulked by the robot at a slack period though there is apparently no cross traffic; what then? In Newcastle recently a motorist was summoned for ignoring the robot, but had to be discharged because there was no regulation making it compulsory to obey the signals. That can easily be cured—at the price of yet another regulation for one class of traffic only.

***

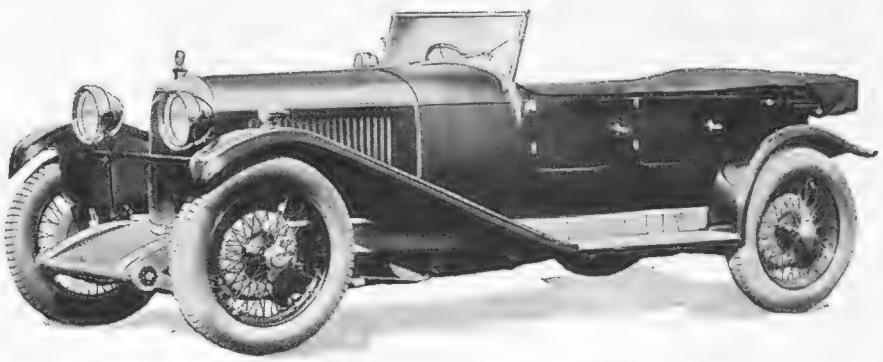
IN Manchester the robot is to be developed a step further. There a pedestrian who desires to cross the street may press a button, whereupon the robot will obligingly hold up the traffic for 15 seconds. To prevent undue interruption of wheeled traffic the button will only function once every minute. Yet it is easy to see that unless such a system is used with extreme moderation it could very seriously impede the free movement of vehicles. Nevertheless, the principle underlying the idea is perfectly sound. Pedestrians have rights. And it is undeniably true that latterly the tendency has been to restrict those rights. But if he has rights he has also duties. He, no less than any other class of traffic, must obey laws. In short, the pedestrian must be regulated for his own good and for the good of everyone else on the road. We need a charter of the road which will define with the precision of the American Constitution the privileges and duties of every man and every class of vehicle to be found on our roads to-day.

A CASE bearing on this very point was heard recently at Brighton, when the Automobile Association successfully prosecuted a pedestrian under the Malicious Damage Act, 1861. The evidence for the prosecution showed that an A.A. member was driving his car alongside a tramcar in London Road, Brighton, when a man standing on the pavement deliberately smashed the near side window of the car with his stick. He subsequently denied all knowledge of the incident, but stated that "cars were a nuisance on the road." The Bench fined the defendant £1, ordered him to pay the cost of the damage, £4 17s. 6d., and £1 2s. 6d. towards the costs of the prosecution.

***

MESSRS. W. TURNER AND BRO., makers of the well-known Duplex tyre pumps, have produced a new connector and air line incorporating one of their Kismet tyre gauges. Instead of having to detach the connector, test the tyre pressure and reconnect if it is not up to the desired figure, with the new air line connector one ceases to pump for a moment, presses the button on the gauge, and the pressure is shown immediately. The new air line connector with gauge complete costs but 15s. The makers' address is 44, Eyre Lane, Sheffield.

E. M. W.



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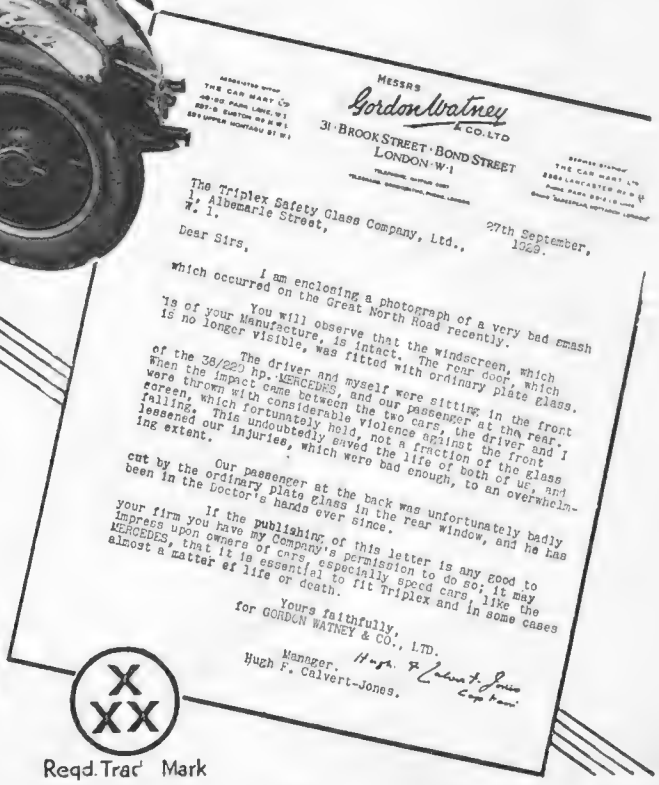

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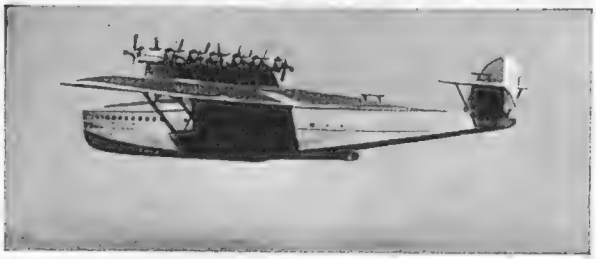

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"IT may seem early days to be talking of Christmas presents," writes a correspondent in Wensleydale, "but the weeks have a way of slithering by, and so, lest we forget 'The Kennelman' might drop a hint that in this land of Dog-lovers—canine populace four millions now—it's no bad policy to make a good proportion of your presents doggy. Where you can be sure of his welcome there can be no jollier gift than a well-bred pup. And then consider the list of doggy accessories. The Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3, give useful guidance, and many of the good shops can supply; but when your choice is for a real live person—puppy, halfling or grown Dog—it's not to shops you should go, but to breeders' places in the country: the homes in which the Dogs are bred."

THAT is sound advice, and from the Kennel Club (84, Piccadilly) you can get the name of the secretary of the specialist club of the particular breed you have in mind. From them it is easy to obtain addresses of well-established breeders in your own part of the country, with whom appointments can be made for visits to their kennels.

IT'S a mistake to go in the bargain-counter shopping spirit. Haggling doesn't really pay, and is unworthy of the objective, which is the selection of a friend: the companion of a dozen years maybe. Tackled in the right spirit, this job is one from which a mort of useful tips and inside information can be picked up. Shyness and wistfulness are sometimes very pretty in a canine youngster, but they generally indicate physical delicacy, and so are well worth giving a miss, for the most important asset the chosen youngster can possess is a robust constitution, indications of which, be it said, are impudence, effusiveness, even aggressiveness and greediness. A soft, loose, rolling skin, bright eyes, high-coloured tongue and gums, faultlessly white teeth, and sweet breath are other valuable indications.

Mrs. A. Salisbury's prize-winning Dandy Dinmont, Salismore May Queen. The "Dandy" is the origin of the numerous Scottish breeds of Terriers which have recently gained in popularity whilst the "Dandy" has been sadly neglected

HAVING fixed a convenient date for taking delivery of your choice, try to do the fetching and carrying yourself, or get a friend to do it. Such choice gifts are too personal to be left to the sometimes untender mercies of railway and other carriers. In the case of a pup the change of homes will be a fairly revolutionary experience. Remembering that the basis of doggy well-being is correct dietary, you should insist on obtaining, with the pedigree form, an even more important document: a written diet sheet, showing precisely how the youngster is being fed and at what precise later stages the number of his meals should be reduced.

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to laze or to learn

SOME tours aim unerringly for the lazy spots and others for the historic places. Still others persuade you to be idle here and studious there. They're all products of American Express Travel Service, its business being to make tours to match moods, and always to see to your comfort. Suggestions:—

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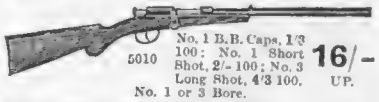

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Dîner

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POTAGE À LA DUCHESSE.

MULLET WITH HERBS.

FILET DE BŒUF NAPOLITAINE.

BOILED PHEASANT.

CHOCOLATE ICE.

PETITS GOÛTS DE SARDINES FUMÉES.

COFFEE. DESSERT.

Potage à La Duchesse

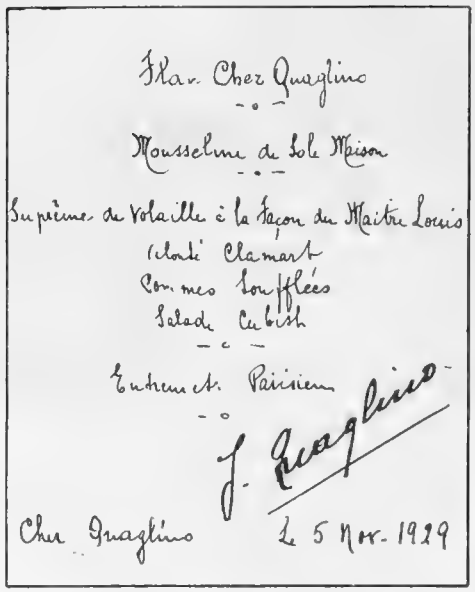
MIX 2 oz. of arrowroot with half a tumbler of cold water, and put this into a saucepan with a quart of clear chicken stock, well flavoured; stir gently over a slack fire for about ten minutes, then pour it into a soup tureen containing small neatly cut fillets of roast chicken, and serve.

Mullet with Herbs

PUT the mullets into a saucepan with 1 oz. of butter, a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, ditto of anchovy essence, and a glass of white wine; stew till done over a slack fire. Then place the mullets on a hot dish in the oven, and add to the sauce they were cooked in some finely chopped parsley, mushrooms, shallot, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a lump of sugar and a little nutmeg, stir over the fire for ten minutes, pour the sauce over the fish, and serve as hot as possible.

Filet de Bœuf Napolitaine

TAKE 1½ lb. of lean fillet of beef, cut off every scrap of fat, and cut the fillet into slices about an inch and a half thick.



The menu of a pleasant little supper served recently at Chez Quaglino, in Bury Street, St. James's

Let them soak in the following mixture for half an hour: A little oil, pepper, salt, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a sprinkle of mixed sweet herbs, and a tiny piece of garlic. Broil them on both sides, and serve with Sauce Napolitaine poured round them, and chip potatoes.

Sauce.—Melt a piece of butter, add a teaspoonful of flour, and stir till it is slightly brown, add one gill of stock, two cloves, three peppercorns, a sprig of parsley and seasoning to taste.

Boil this sauce for ten minutes, skim well, then add a small glass of port wine, boil for ten minutes more, strain and pour over the fillets.

Boiled Pheasant

TIE the pheasant in a floured cloth, place in a stewpan, and cover with stock or water, which should be boiling. Add a slice of fat bacon, and 3 oz. each of onion, carrot and turnip, two cloves, pepper and salt. Let the pan remain over a clear fire for five minutes, then place it in a moderately hot oven for thirty-five minutes. Serve with white celery or soubise sauce poured over.

Petits Goûts de Sardines Fumées

BONE six smoked sardines and pound them in a mortar with ½ oz. of butter, a tablespoonful of cream, a squeeze of lemon juice, and plenty of cayenne pepper; spread on some thin wafer biscuits, bake in a hot oven for ten minutes, and serve with powdered parsley sprinkled over them.

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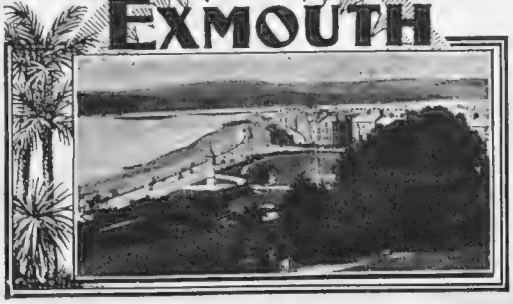

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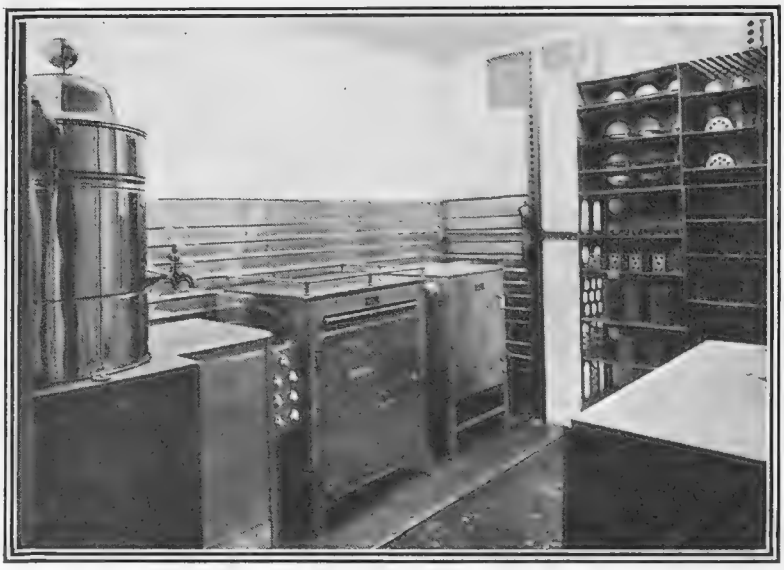
THE EDITOR'S BOX

The R101's Electric Kitchen

Great interest attaches to the new British Government airship R101, which is now complete and ready for her trial flights. Four hundred men have been working for two years to create this latest and largest airship. A special lightweight electric cooking and water-heating apparatus has been installed by the Automatic Telephone Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Strowger Works, Liverpool, the makers of the well-known XCEL electric domestic appliances, and, as the photograph shows, is a very compact and efficient installation. The equipment, into the construction of which duralumin, the lightweight alloy, largely enters, comprises five separate items. The cooking range has four boiling plates, all totally enclosed, and constructed on the latest XCEL high-efficiency principle, whilst the hob plate is surrounded by a guard rail to ensure the stability of utensils placed upon it. The oven has a cooking space of 24in. × 24in. × 18in., and the entire range is wired for three-heat control. Smaller demands for tea, etc., are met by a 3-gallon XCEL urn, protected against burn-out in the absence of water by a thermal cut-out. Having regard to the importance of weight limitations, it is interesting to record that the total weight of the completed equipment works out within 10 lb. of the limit set by the Air Ministry. The photograph on this page was taken at Cardington by Siemens Electric Lamps and Supplies, Ltd., the distributors of XCEL electric domestic appliances, and shows the apparatus installed in the galley.



The lightweight electric cooking and water heating apparatus in the famous airship R101. It has been installed by the Automatic Telephone Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

Interesting Wines

The new season's wine list just issued by the well-known house of Findlater, Mackie, Todd and Co., Ltd., Findlater House, Wigmore Street, W., provides some very interesting reading. Among their champagnes, one that can be specially recommended is their "Duc de Marne" 1921 vintage. A pleasantly dry wine of excellent cuvée, it is remarkably cheap at the price of 108s. per dozen bottles, whilst sherry lovers will find in "A Winter's Tale" a very old Amontillado of full flavour, which works out at 96s. per dozen. To those who require something rather special in the way of Scotch whisky Findlater's Private Blend, the original private blend used by the founders and their friends, at 13s. 6d. a bottle, and Findlater's Old Liqueur, which is guaranteed 10 years old, and is 22 under proof, cannot fail to appeal.

In the "Squash" Court

It is interesting to know that, for the third successive year, Messrs. John Wisden's "Standard" squash balls have been chosen for use in the Amateur Championship. This is another feather in the cap of this fine old firm—famous for their cricket gear and for their "Standard" lawn tennis balls.

For Hunting Folk

That invaluable guide to the hunting field, Baily's Hunting Directory, 1929-30, has just made a welcome appearance, and will soon be accorded a place of honour on the bookshelves of everyone who likes to keep *au fait* with hunting matters. Published by Messrs. Vinton and Co., Ltd., of 8, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C., in red cloth at 10s. 6d., or red leather at 15s., it contains a complete list of, and full information concerning, Foxhounds, Staghounds, Draghounds, Foot Harriers and Beagles, Basset Hounds and Otterhounds in Great Britain and Ireland, and also gives details of many other hunts in all parts of the world.

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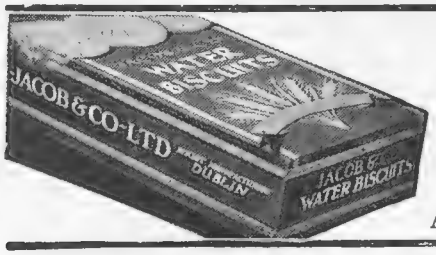

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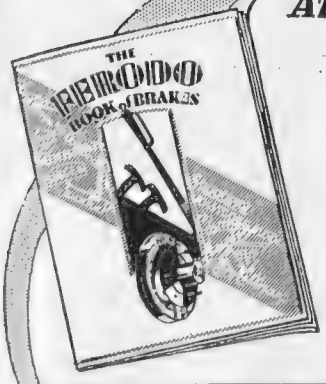

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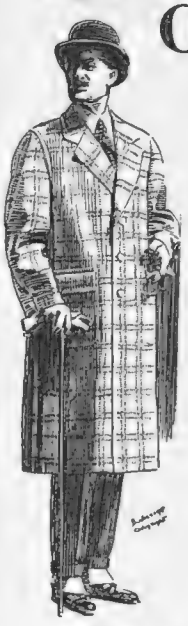

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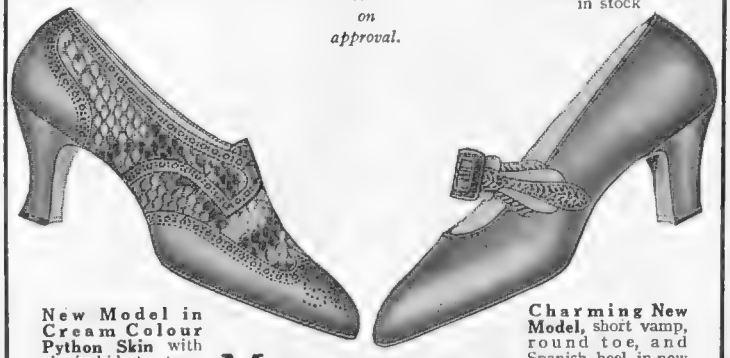

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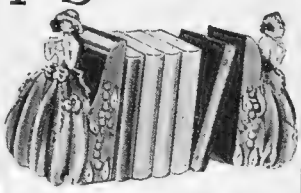

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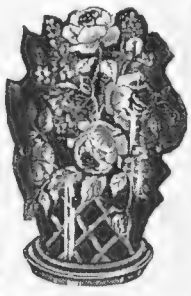

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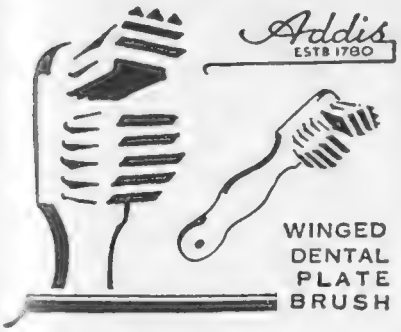

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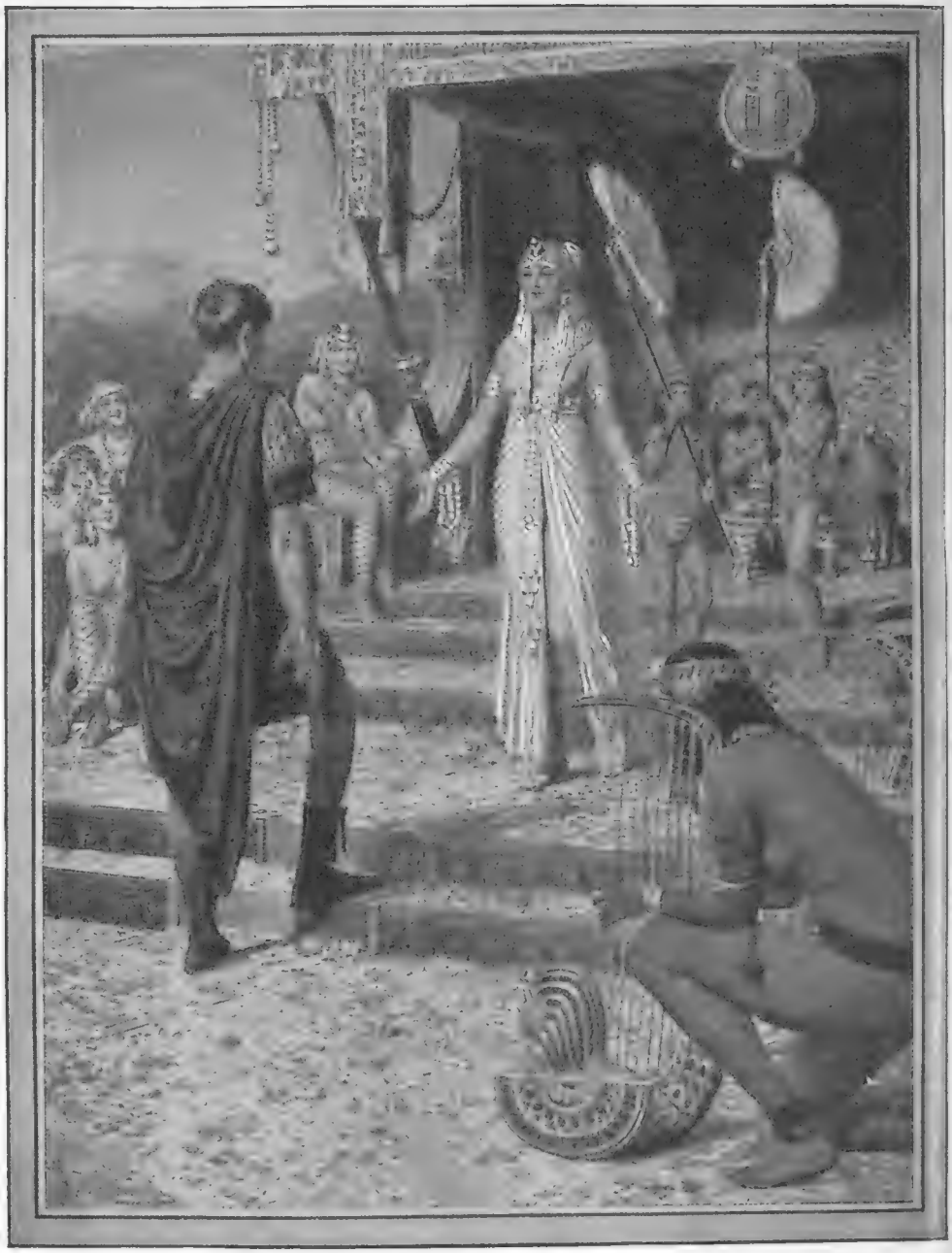

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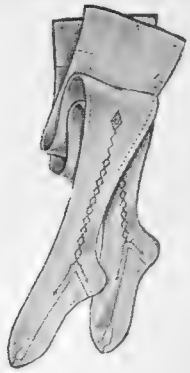

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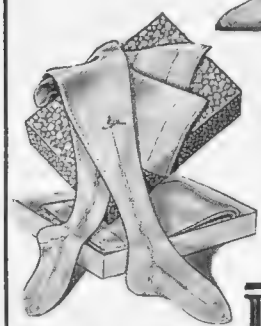

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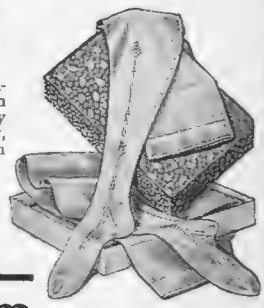

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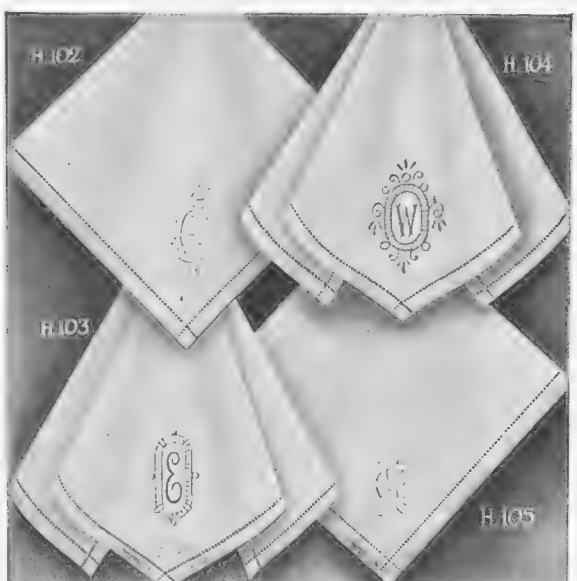

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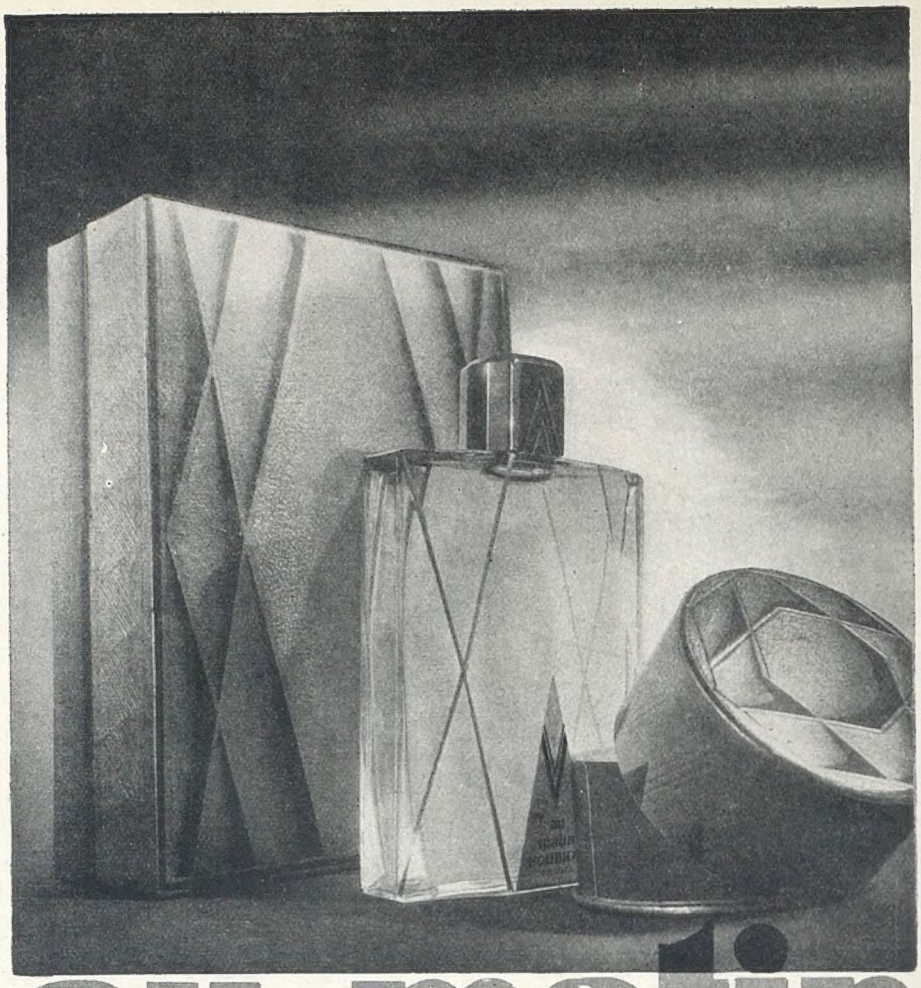

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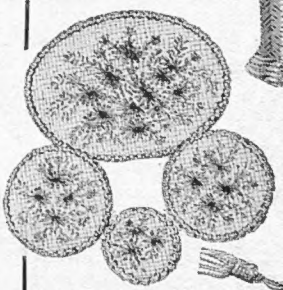

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